

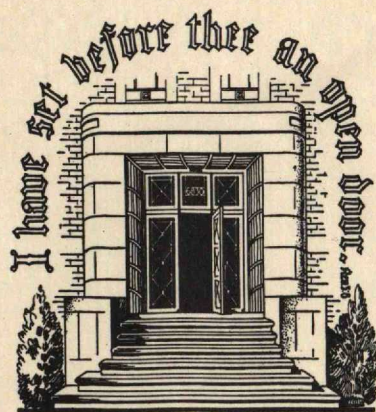
LIFE SKETCHES AND EXPERIENCES
IN MISSIONARY WORK

BY

W. W. WATKINS

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Life Sketches and Experiences in
Missionary Work

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BY
MRS. MINNIE SYPE



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PREFACE

In this little work I have endeavored to give a sketch of my life from early childhood to the present time. I am now forty-three years old, entered the ministry at the age of thirty-two, working in Oklahoma for some time; then by invitation of the President of the Iowa Conference I took up work in that state in 1906. During the years in which I have been engaged in evangelistic work I have never taken a month's rest, although at the time I began I was in very poor health, but God has seen fit to restore my health, and in answer to prayer has raised me from sickness to go into the pulpit.

I am a firm believer in the power of God to answer the Prayer of Faith. I believe this book came in answer to earnest prayer, and if in writing of the experiences of my own life I shall have been able to bring hope and courage to one troubled soul I shall not feel that this little volume has failed in its mission.

MRS. MINNIE SYPE


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CHAPTER I

EARLY CHILDHOOD

On the sixth day of March, 1868, Elias Day and Mary A. Jackson were united in marriage. They moved at once to the homestead, two and a half miles south of the little village of Thayer, Union county, Iowa.

On April 18, 1869, the birthday of my father, a little girl was born. Her parents named her Marinda, but she was never called by that name only on rare occasions; "Minnie" seemed much better fitted to the delicate, timid country girl. In time other children were born in this home until I was the oldest of ten living children.

We lived two and a half miles from school. There were few houses between, as the country was mostly prairie. My parents never moved much, living on the little farm for about thirty-five years, only moving out of the little log cabin to a farm house of seven rooms.

We never knew what it was to go away from home only on rare occasions. Our mother did all she could to make home pleasant for her children. She never interfered with our childish plans unless absolutely necessary. I well remember the pleasant evenings we used to spend roasting wild crab-apples in the fire. At that time apples were scarce. We had to go to Mis-

souri for our apples. I remember one evening we children were roasting crab-apples and having a good time, when our uncle, unbeknown to us, slipped some big red apples into the ashes, and when we went to get the crab-apples, lo! there were some big apples. It seems to me I have never tasted apples that were quite so nice as those. My father used to take the big wagon in the fall and go to Missouri to get our apples for winter. I remember the joy among us when we would see our father return, after a week's absence, with a load of nice apples for winter use.

As I was the oldest of a large family, and the older children were all girls, it fell to my lot to help father with the outdoor work. I well remember the wheat sowing time, when I had to drive the team and harrow the ground, how long the distance across the field seemed; also planting corn, sitting on the planter and driving, and trying to always hit the mark so as to have straight rows. Hay-making time was an important time — shocking, hauling, stacking, all gave every member of the family old enough to help, something to do. Then came the wheat harvest. We children would help shock the grain and carry the water for the men. In the fall we had to help gather corn. It was not always pleasant to gather corn on frosty mornings, but we must get it into the crib before the snow, so all must go out and help. My mother often went to the field to gather corn and let me take care of the children. Then I would try to do something to surprise her. These surprises were not always pleasant ones to mother, who always made the best of the situation.

I remember one time I hurried the housework and thought I would surprise her by doing some sewing she was trying to do, so I took the cloth she had for skirts for the younger children, and cut out and made three skirts, but they did not fit just right. I well remember my mother's look of disappointment, but all she said was, "Why, Minnie, I wish you would only do what I tell you to do." They were never mentioned again. It seemed to me if my mother had scolded me and found fault with me, it would have broken my heart, as I was only trying to help her.

I remember one day, while helping to gather corn, I was keeping up the "down row," my father taking two rows on one side of the wagon, and a neighbor man, two rows on the other side of the wagon. They were talking religion, and the neighbor was finding fault with the Bible, and said he did not believe in God. I was taught to keep still when others were talking and not to dispute older people. I listened and got very indignant, but dare not say a word. At last, after I had stood it as long as I could, I just took a big ear of corn and hit the man in the back. My father saw me, also the man looked at me with surprise. My father rebuked me, but I never spoke a word. I must have shown my disgust, because the subject was changed and all went on well.

I well remember the first time I went away from home to stay without my mother. When Grandfather and Grandmother Jackson were going to Red Oak on a visit, they asked me to go and stay with my "Aunt Lib." I thought this would be a great treat, and it was

during the first day, but as night began to draw on I got lonely for my mother. I could hardly stand it that night, and did not have much appetite the next day, and when night came I went to bed, but slept scarcely any the second night. I was afraid my mother would die before I got home. I knew she needed me very much and indeed I began to think that all the folks at home were in great danger, unless I got home to help them out. By the next night I was so broken up I could do nothing but sob. I slept very little and ate nothing. At last "Aunt Lib" told the boys to get the old gray horse, which they called "Maria," and she would take me home. She got on the horse and the boys put me on behind "Aunt Lib," and we started home. It was a long, tiresome journey to me, but really was only about three miles, and I got home at last. The first thing I saw was the old spotted cow, and she looked so pretty. The next was Juke, the dog. I was so glad to see her — and mother and the children. Oh! everything was indeed lovely and I was so glad to see them all. Mother laughed, and said I was homesick, and I guess I was. That was my first experience in being homesick, but it was not the last.

Being the oldest child, it was necessary for me to do all I could to earn my own living as soon as old enough. My mother was particular of my company. She did not allow me to go much and always knew where I was. We knew when we were sent away, if we did not get back on time, mother would be out looking for us.

At the age of thirteen, my Grandmother Jackson

died. She left three girls younger than myself, and two boys older, at home. My grandfather asked mother to let me come and be his housekeeper. This mother consented to, so Nora and I became the housekeepers, she eleven and I thirteen years old. We took great pride in our work. We cooked and carried on the work in what we called "apple pie order." Grandfather and the boys always acted pleased with our efforts, and if they suffered from indigestion from the effects of our cooking, they never told us. We did the work and went to school in the winter. We were getting along nicely. Grandfather was always kind. I was his oldest grandchild and he treated me as his own daughter. I was clothed and fared as one of his family. But this was not always to continue. We found that grandfather was much interested in the mail and watched for letters. We had a little fun watching too; but one day he told us he was going to bring home a new wife. This brought great sorrow to us girls — but she came. Grandfather, in settling up with me, made me a present of a nice cow, which I was proud to drive home to my father's farm. So ended my first stay from my own home, and also my childhood days, as I no longer considered myself a child, and had to begin to tussle with the problems of life in earnest.

*A house is built of bricks and stone,
Of sills and posts and piers;
But a home is built of loving deeds
That stand a thousand years.*

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*The men of earth build houses, halls, and chambers,
roofs and domes;
But the women of the earth, God knows, the women
build the homes.*

CHAPTER II

SCHOOL DAYS AND CONVERSION

My mother's great desire was to give her children an education. She taught me to read, and did all she could, with her many burdens, to give me every advantage. When I started to school there were no children to accompany me. Two and a half miles over a lonely prairie road was a great event and caused great fear and trouble to me and anxiety for my mother. So my parents provided me with a dog. I well remember the day when my father brought her home. She was the most wonderful dog I had ever known. I have never cared for a dog as I cared for her. I named her Juke. I remember how well protected I felt, starting to school with my dinner pail and Juke trotting by my side. But Juke was not a welcome visitor at the school. She would go to the door with me and then crawl under the steps to wait for me, but the first thing the boys would do, would be to search for Juke and throw sticks and yell, and start her tearing back for home. Now, this was great grief to me. I would stand at the window and cry, yet dared not go out, for I was indeed afraid of those boys. They were "terrors" in my eyes. I well remember how each of them looked. I thought I had never seen such a rude, rough set of boys as those school boys. I remember my teacher

asked me why I brought the dog. I said, "To keep the bugaboos off," and they all laughed and had their fun, and the poor timid girl suffered, but when I went to class with my new book, to the teacher's surprise I could already read. She asked, "How did you learn?" I said, "Mamma told me some and I learned part of it myself."

When I reached home, safe from my wonderful experiences, I had long stories to tell my mother. All timidity was gone, now I was safe and happy. My mother always had time to hear her children's griefs, sorrows, and joys. With all mother's cares, she was a pleasant, kind woman, never scolding, never fretful.

I attended school as regularly as possible, considering the distance which I had to go. I remember three of my teachers, who were first-class, orderly teachers; one, Mary Bolinger, who is now married and lives in Nebraska. She was an excellent teacher. She punished me one day by making me stand on the floor with the rest of the third grade class and learn —

*Thirty days has September,
April, June, and November.
All the rest have thirty-one
But February, which has twenty-eight alone,
Except in Leap Year, once in four,
When February has one day more.*

I cannot tell how many times that little rhyme has been a help to me, and every time I have occasion to use it, I think of my teacher, and the only time I had to stand on the floor. She was a Christian. Always

read a chapter and offered prayer in the morning. She always looked so kind and neat, and her school-room was always orderly. This teacher had much to do in molding the character of her students and caused them to think of God.

Wm. Bolinger was another teacher who had to punish me once. He gave me a little cut across the shoulder, for turning around in my seat. This was the most I ever was punished in school, but I liked those teachers and respected them for their order.

Chas. Emerson was a good teacher and afterwards was county superintendent and visited my school where I was teaching. I always enjoyed the instructions he gave me. I attended the country school until I was about fifteen years old, and then worked out between times, and went to school in Afton, Iowa, working for my board.

I remember one summer's work on a farm about sixteen miles from home. We milked sixteen cows and made twenty-five pounds of cheese every day. We were busy people. The harvest time came on in addition to our already busy lives. One rainy morning I was hurrying around, and having baked a pudding for dinner, set it on the cellar steps to cool; took off my shoes to see about the little chickens, and then came to the house. In my hurry I forgot about the pudding on the cellar steps, ran down the steps for some milk, and stepped into the hot pudding. Oh, the suffering it caused. I dare not say a word, as I could not bear to be laughed at, so I just gritted my teeth and went on. My foot was all in a blister. After dinner, the old

lady said, "What is the matter with your foot? I believe you have poisoned it." I answered, "I want to go home," so I was taken to the doctor and then on to my home. The old lady never knew what happened to my foot.

I often took my arithmetic and pencil with me when working away from home, and the spare moments were spent working examples. My mother always wanted me to be a school teacher and I would dream of the happy days of school teaching. It almost seemed beyond my reach, but at last the time came for me to attend Normal. This was the first time I was ever out of my own county. As soon as I was old enough, I was granted a certificate. This was a happy day.

I remember my mother sometimes sat down and read the Bible to us children. Once she read about the flood, and about the world going to be destroyed by fire. This had interested me. I asked a great many questions. I used to have to hunt the cows on the prairie, and while hunting or following them home, I would look up at the blue sky and wonder about God. I wanted to understand about Him and the destiny of the human family. I wished to hear people talk more about our Heavenly Father. I remember one time, I was listening to some ladies talk and I went away and cried because I could hear no one talking about God.

When about ten years old, as I was staying with the younger children in my mother's absence, a burden rolled upon my poor heart, and I went alone to have a good cry, because I was so wicked. The children

asked me what I was crying about and when I told them they could not understand. I could find no one who could help me. It seemed I was reaching out for something higher, but knew not what to do.

When about twelve years of age, Elder Strickland held a protracted meeting in our schoolhouse. He was of the Christian or Disciple Church. I went as often as I could, to these meetings. One night he gave the invitation to come forward and give him our hand, and God our heart. I went, and it was a great event. I never was so relieved as in that forward move, but I was not satisfied. I wanted to know more. I did not know how to believe. The protracted meetings closed after a few nights and the only ones who had gone forward were one of my schoolmates and myself. No doubt they thought we were too young for they never mentioned baptizing us, and I was never talked to and things were not explained to me.

When I was thirteen years old, some people were baptized. I wanted to be, but my parents thought I was too young. My Grandfather Day, a good old Methodist, seemed to take in the situation and talked to me and told my parents to let me go ahead, and mother, grandfather, and I went to the place where Elder Cregger, an old pioneer minister of the Christian Church, baptized me.

I will never forget how happy I was to go forward with my Lord in baptism. As I came out of the watery grave, I enjoyed such peace as it is impossible to enjoy only when doing the will of God. I tried to

live a Christian life. At times I had peace. At times I had great burdens of sin and wickedness. It seemed I was such a sinner I could never be forgiven.

I remember while going to school in Afton, one Friday night I went to the country with a schoolmate to stay all night. The young man who came for us, asked us to come to his house on Saturday night for a dance. I had never attended a dance. I had been taught that it was wrong, but at last I consented to go to this one, but said it was against my religion to dance. After we got to the place where the young people had gathered, it was found they lacked just one girl to finish the set, so they began to beg me to dance. The young man who chose me for a partner had never been on the floor either. This was an experience long to be remembered. I vowed, while trying to go through that set, that never again would I be found in such a place. I had enough of the dance, and the remorse and the darkness it brought to my Christian experience lasted for days.

Once in awhile I was invited to parties. I sometimes accepted the invitation, and when I did, perhaps I would enjoy myself while there, and generally went in for a good time, and everybody thought I was indeed having a good time. I remember one party I attended, a birthday party. We had a lively time. The lady of the house said I was the life of the evening, but she little knew the suffering of conscience after I left the place. I was condemned. Darkness came in as a

result of attending the parties. I would cry and mourn over my wicked life, and soon resolved that no more play parties would I attend.

Time went on. I did not know how to study the Bible. I tried to find out more about God, but never understood how to grasp the real promises of God's Word until I attended my first Seventh-day Adventist Camp-meeting.

The minister gave a Bible study on Faith in God and the Truthfulness of God's Word. A few texts were quoted, such as: First John, 1:9: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

He spoke of how we should take God's Word by Faith, knowing that God never spoke an untruth. If we do our part, God will do His.

Another text was quoted that shows that God is willing to forgive our sins and to cast them behind His back, to cast them into the depths of the sea and remove them as far from us as the east is from the west. Said he: "After we have confessed our sins, they are no longer ours, as Jesus purchased them by His blood. If our sins are purchased and given over to the purchaser, they no longer belong to us, and if, after we have done all that we can to get rid of them they are brought to us, it is Satan who brings them up to bring discouragement upon us."

This was indeed, more light for me. I grasped God's Word by Faith, and from that time on there has been peace and joy in my heart. When God by his Spirit has shown me my wrongs, I have confessed and done

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all that was in my power to make them right and the peace of God has filled my soul.

*Tho' all things earthly pass away,
And friends their dearest ties must sever;
Tho' grass and flowers may fade and die,
The Word of God shall stand forever.*

*Then build, Oh, build upon the Word,
And as your life unfolds its pages
'Twill show a character of worth,
And stand undimmed the test of ages.*

— NELLIE BUTLER

CHAPTER III

SCHOOL TEACHING

I well remember the Monday morning my first term of school was to begin. I was boarding at home and the school house was two and a half miles from home, and I was beginning a new experience in life. A long looked for day had arrived. I had my school supplies — my plans that I had been storing away were now to be worked out.

I entered the school-room and promptly at nine o'clock the school was called. The boys and girls came, all anxious to get a view of the new teacher. The ideas and plans of my ideal in school teaching were Mary Bolinger's ways and I determined to pattern after her as much as possible, so I began the school by reading and prayer. The daily program was placed on the board, and things seemed to move along nicely. The children were very careful to obey orders. Everything moved along in "apple pie order," until one boy, who was about fourteen years of age, began to exercise authority over the younger boys. He became so tyrannical and there was such a general complaint against him, that I had to take him to one side and talk with him, and plead with him to do better, but to no avail. At last he broke the rules to such an extent that I thought it necessary to try my strength in giving him

a good sound thrashing, so I kept him after school, closed the windows, locked the doors, and began the work in good shape. This was a hard struggle. For a time it was hard telling which was coming out conquerer, but by perseverance the boy was conquered. He went along from this time in a submissive, quiet manner, giving no more trouble.

Another boy would get excused from school, go out and spend his time taking shingles off buildings and doing some mischief to property. I had to deal with him likewise. He too gave up and was submissive. So the school term passed off very nicely. The last day of school was celebrated by two schools meeting together and joining in a picnic in the woods. This was a happy day for children, teachers, and parents. All the parents came with well filled baskets and a general good time was engaged in. So closed my first term of school.

The director asked me to take the school again. I did so. This term passed off without any trouble, as the boys had learned that I would be master of the situation. I do not think I had to punish a child during the second term.

I was then called to another neighborhood, some miles from home, to teach school. This term of school came to its close, another teacher and I again uniting and closing the school with a big picnic dinner, parents, teachers, and pupils uniting for a good time. The directors asked me to take the next term of school. This I did. These children were very agreeable. It seemed to me I never had a brighter, more obedient

lot of children. I remember two children who attracted my attention were twins, a boy and a girl. They were about twelve years of age, and sat in a back seat. The girl was very studious, the boy was not so industrious. Sometimes the boy would amuse himself in teasing some of the other children. The girl on such occasions would box his ears. This I pretended not to see, as I thought she was doing good work, and I did not want to hinder it. By her industrious, studious way, she held her brother level. Together they were industrious, true children.

These were happy days; teaching school, attending normals, studying pedagogy, was the order of the day. There was nothing I enjoyed more than study or listening to the experiences of others, and I loved the children and my work. At the end of this term I settled down to married life on a farm but after a few years took up school teaching again.

This time I was asked to teach a very rude, worldly, rough set of boys. In fact, they had run the teachers out for two years in the past. No teacher in the country wanted to undertake the work. I entered the school-room again with a determination to conquer the situation. The school moved along nicely for awhile, but I saw the spirit of rebellion rising. I had always tried to rule by kindness, yet firmness. I saw I had a problem at this time, but determined not to give it up. The days, the weeks, and months rolled by. By planning, keeping everybody busy, treating them kindly, overlooking some faults, punishing some, planning and thinking, the school was brought to a successful

close, and I have not heard, from that day to this, of another teacher being turned out of school by the unruly children.

Also in Wyoming I was asked to teach school in a mining-camp. The children were supposed to be unruly. The parents complained of the teachers, but by earnest prayer, and watching and noticing the situation, winning the hearts of the boys and girls, I had very little difficulty.

One day, a boy who had not been attending school came on the ground and insisted on fighting one of the pupils. This caused no little excitement. I never had witnessed a fist fight, and in all my school teaching I had never allowed fighting or anything of this kind. This was quite an experience. The fight continued until they reached the door of the school. The girls climbed onto the seats and cried. Some of the boys by shouting and hissing urged them on, while others tried to separate them. For some time things were quite lively. The excitement was so great that we had to dismiss school until our nerves had quieted down. This was the hardest experience I ever had in a school-room, but was caused by a boy who was not a pupil.

I loved my work, I loved the children, and believe they loved their teacher. Perhaps some who have gone to my school may read these lines. I have often thought over the names of many pupils. I have seen some rise to school teaching, some to preaching, some to other honorable professions; have always taken interest in them and will say the experience gained in the school-room, in dealing with the human mind, has been a great

help in dealing with the public. The school-room is a good training place for the teacher as well as for the pupils. The teacher should never lose self-control before her students. She should pass over, as lightly as possible, the things that cannot be avoided; should ever show a quiet, kind disposition. To keep the school-room in order, the teacher must keep herself in order. If she does not want her children to talk loudly, she must cultivate a gentle tone herself. If she does not want the children to move around in a rough, boisterous way, she must move quietly herself. The children will imitate the teacher to a great extent. Those who aspire to school teaching should be of good steady habits, have a high standard of right and wrong, as the picture, or the influence cast by the teacher, will affect the children entrusted to her care all through life.

CHAPTER IV

MARRIAGE AND ACCEPTING PRESENT TRUTH

While teaching school in Sand Creek township, Union county, Iowa, I met Mr. L. P. Sype for the first time. His parents were old residents of that county. We had both been born in the same county, but had never met until I went to this neighborhood to teach.

I heard him often spoken of as an exemplary young man, and on meeting him was attracted by his temperate habits, as it was very uncommon to find a young man who did not use tobacco, and I had vowed that never should a young man puff tobacco smoke in my face. I hated tobacco. I had never come in contact with much liquor or tobacco, and in viewing it from a distance it was indeed very disgusting.

When Mr. Sype asked me to accompany him to a lecture, held at Afton, Iowa, I did so. I found he was of a religious turn of mind, he and his parents being members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. This I thought rather queer, but admired his good Christian principles. From time to time I was asked to accompany him to different places, and as he was often called upon to lead in the singing, I accompanied him to protracted meetings, and when he asked me to become his wife, I accepted, and we were married on March 6, 1889.

In talking over the subject of religion, I being a member of the Christian Church, he a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, we agreed to disagree. Agreed to respect each other's religious belief. We asked a minister of the United Brethren faith to marry us. He promised to accompany me to my church, I agreed to go with him to his.

When we started housekeeping on a farm near Afton, Iowa, we began by erecting the Family Altar, reading a chapter, and having prayer, we both desiring to live good Christian lives. We aimed to let the controverted subjects rest. He would go with me to my church, I went to his.

In attending a Seventh-day Adventist meeting, I noticed they made a very close study of the Bible. I was impressed by their being able to find a text of Scripture for all subjects presented. I began to wonder why I was keeping Sunday — my husband the seventh day, Saturday. I wondered if both positions could be proved by the Bible. I began to look into the question. I found the Seventh-day Adventists more than willing to give text after text for the Seventh Day. I visited my own minister and asked for proof for the First Day of the week. To my surprise, I could find no satisfactory answer. This was indeed a disappointment, as I hoped, secretly, to win my husband to my way of thinking on the Sabbath question.

Time went on. I kept quiet, but studied. My father-in-law, Mr. J. L. Sype, elder of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, at Afton, Iowa, for years, was a Bible student. He seemed to take an interest in my religious

welfare, and at any time, when bothered on a Bible question, I found him ready to sit down, take his Bible, and study carefully.

I began to think on such subjects as — The State of the Dead—The Destiny of the Wicked—and The Plan of Salvation. All such subjects began to attract my attention and I was much puzzled over the situation. I well remember, after some months spent in studying the Sabbath question, I found I must keep the seventh day Sabbath, as the Sabbath of the Lord my God. I remember after attending meeting on the seventh day Sabbath, only a few being present, on Sunday morning I stood in the doorway and watched my friends and neighbors going to church. I loved them all very dearly. They were all kind, good old friends, and I had enjoyed many good times with them. As I saw them going one road, and I another, I stood in the doorway and I cried: "Oh! my God, do you ask this of me?" I turned and walked to the sitting-room. I got down on my knees, took my Bible, and in earnest prayer, I said: "Lord, this question of the Sabbath must be settled forever. You know I do not want to be separated from my friends, but I do realize that they can never save me. I must take Your Word as my guide."

On my bended knees, with my Bible open, I turned to the Ten Commandments. In studying them over carefully, I said, "I can never become a Christian and knowingly break one of these Commandments, and the Fourth Commandment says: 'The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.' " There on my knees

I asked God for strength to help me to keep the seventh day Sabbath. There alone with God, I resolved from that time on, to keep the Sabbath of the Lord, let come what would.

This brought great peace to my heart. I arose from my knees, a stronger, more determined Christian than ever. I united with the Seventh-day Adventist Church in July, 1889. The Bible had become a new book to me. I spent all my spare time studying its sacred pages. When I was washing dishes, I perhaps was learning a text of Scripture.

In time, children came to our home. The duties of life increased. I was indeed a busy woman. Ross, our oldest boy, was born on a farm near Father Sype's. We soon moved to a farm just across the road from Father Sype, and lived there for a number of years. With my children, garden, chickens, fruit, sewing, washing and ironing, I was very busy, but spent all my spare time in the study of the Bible. Many a time, after a day's work was finished, Father Sype would come over and spend the evening. Taking his Bible, and I mine, we would study until as late as twelve o'clock at night. He was a good Bible student. My longing and thirsting to know more about God was now being satisfied. The Psalmist spoke the truth, when he said, "Commit your ways unto the Lord and He will give you the desires of your heart."

As we walk in the light of God's word, if we will obey, the promise is, "The path of the just shall grow brighter and brighter until the perfect day."

As we would talk upon the subjects of the Bible and

study the same, it was wonderful how the Truth would open to our view. I could see the love of God in the plan of Salvation as never before. On the Nature of Man, Father Sype would answer all my questions, giving me Bible texts for the same. Often we would search and study about it, until I saw every truth.

I had supposed that when people died, they went immediately to their reward, Heaven or Hell. I had supposed if a person was wicked, Satan took them off at once to their place of punishment and watched them burn through the eternal ages. But on close study of the Bible, I found man went to sleep at death, an unconscious state. Such texts as Psalms, 146:4; Ecclesiastes, 9:5; Ecclesiastes, 3:17 to 20; First Thessalonians, 4:16 to 17; John, 11:11; First Corinthians, 15:51 to 55. These were some of the texts cited to prove the state of the dead. I studied these texts and began to see more in the plan. I found that if it were not for the resurrection of Christ, we never would have a resurrection. That we would die as all other creatures of God's handiwork would die. But God so loved us that He gave His only begotten Son, not only to live and die for us, but that through His resurrection we might be resurrected from the dead.

Also I began to see the great truth of the Millenium, or the resurrection of both the righteous and the wicked. I began to study the Scripture concerning the second coming of Christ. It was wonderful to see how God had planned all things. As He said in Amos, 3:7: "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the

prophets." I also began to learn that a part of the Bible was especially for our day. Daniel, 12:4, says: "But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." I began to see that we had reached the time when men were running to and fro and knowledge was being increased and really the book of Daniel was open. I was filled with great admiration for the Word of God. It seemed to me I could not get time enough to study its truths. It was such a wonderful study, and as I saw the history of the world, marked out in the book of Daniel, I was filled with great astonishment. I had studied ancient history, had studied history of the nations, and now to see that God had foretold this long before it came to pass. That our country was pointed out to me as found in the book of Revelation. The knowledge and the light that was breaking upon my path was such that I praised God, and many a time, while alone, I would get down on my knees and thank God for the light of His Word and ask Him for strength to live in harmony with its teaching.

Life was worth living. It was worth the struggle to know that God had sent us message after message, to show us where we were on this great broad ocean of time.

*Sweet Sabbath day, divinely blest,
How oft I find in thee sweet rest —
Sweet rest from labors of the week,
As I unto my Father seek
For guidance while I bow in prayer,*

And feel his benediction there.
 Or as I read His holy word,
 It seems to me as if I heard
 The same sweet story that he told
 To holy men in days of old.
 I know that He is ever near,
 The Comforter to bless and cheer,
 And then at morn or twilight dim
 I love to meditate of Him.
 Just let Him come and take control
 Of all my thoughts and fill my soul,
 And then I taste of Heaven's peace
 And of the joys that never cease.
 I love to think, when sets life's sun,
 And all our work on earth is done,
 Of that blest Sabbath over there,
 When we, in that bright city fair,
 Will worship Him around His throne,
 When He shall claim us as His own.
 Then we shall bring our off'rings sweet
 And lay them down at Jesus' feet.
 The sheaves we've gathered here on earth
 Will be esteemed of greatest worth.
 We cannot tell how glad 'twill be,
 That glorious rest when we are free —
 Free from all sin on earth below,
 No more of pain or tears or woe,
 But shining like the stars so bright,
 We'll dwell always in heaven's light.
 A happy Sabbath that will be —
 The Sabbath of eternity.

— NELLIE BUTLER

CHAPTER V

A BURDEN FOR SOULS AND STUDY OF THE WORD

As the Bible began to open up in such a wonderful way, a burden for souls rested upon me. I loved farm work, I loved my home, my children, but time seemed so short in which to work for my fellow-man. It seemed to me I could see people careless and unconcerned about their soul's salvation.

I began to plan how I could get the Truth to others. I knew my first duty was at home, to my family. I well remember one day, while sitting in church listening to a stirring sermon on the seven last plagues of Revelation, 16, what a burden for the conversion of one of my sisters rolled upon me. My people were not in favor of the new religion I had accepted. In fact, they really thought I had disgraced the family. My father told me he had educated me, and now to see me join that unpopular church and believe in that way, was too much. I would get my Bible and try to study with him. He would only get angry and I would go and take a good cry and resolve I would not mention religion to him again; but I would get anxious to go home, and as sure as I went, try to avoid it as much as I would, the subject of religion would come up. "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speak-

eth." I was filled with Bible studies and subjects, and my people were continually noticing my peculiar way of living.

I had accepted the principles of health reform, not believing in pork eating, coffee drinking, or the use of tea. I had begun to keep another day, my belief was different, so that it made quite a change in my life, and my people were continually remarking about it.

I began to plan how I might get the Truth to them. I sent them papers, books, and in every way tried to reach them, but they simply laughed, or in some way avoided the study, as I supposed. I used to go alone and pray for my sisters. One sister, who had gone west and taught school for a number of years, found herself broken down in health. When she returned, it was my delight to bring her to my home, with the hope of getting her interested in Present Truth.

I remember when she was very sick, and I thought perhaps she would die, of going away and praying earnestly for her recovery. When I thought she would endure it, I would talk to her about religion; God's great plan — the second coming of the Lord. Sometimes these talks were not appreciated. Sometimes her heart would be softened. In time, she accompanied Father Sype and wife to a Camp-meeting, and Oh, my joy in hearing that she was baptized and she, too, had begun the observance of the Sabbath.

My people at home thought this very strange. She afterwards became a very strong Seventh-day Adventist and married W. L. Manfull, one of our leading

book men. He now has the oversight of the book work for the Canadian Conference.

My sister Blanche was the next to accept Present Truth. This gave me great joy when she became a Seventh-day Adventist, left off her old way of thinking and believing, and acknowledged that the seventh day was the Sabbath of the Lord her God.

My little sister Elsie also accepted this faith. As time went on, my father's and mother's hearts softened toward this strange belief. My grandfather, who at first thought my actions very strange, called me to his deathbed and said: "Minnie, you are right. Go ahead."

This was after thirteen long years of working, praying, and seeking God in behalf of my own family. To-day, I do not know of one of my relatives but what at least respects the belief of the Seventh-day Adventists. This has been a source of great comfort. When I go to their homes I am called upon to pray and asked concerning the truths of God's word.

It is indeed a great change from what it was when I first accepted this faith.

CHAPTER VI

HOME MISSIONARY WORK AND CANVASSING

As the burden for souls rested upon me, and I saw my home duties, I began to plan how I might work for others and not neglect my home.

I resolved that no person should come to my door without having a chance to get something that would lead them nearer to God. I had longed in the past for Christian help, and resolved that those who came near me should receive this help, if it was possible to give it to them.

One plan I devised, was a reading rack. This reading rack was placed near my outside door. Every tramp, agent, or caller of any kind, was supplied with a paper or tract on Present Truth. I began to study how to arrange my housework so as to give some time to the Lord.

Sunday was my picking-up-day — brushing clothes that had been worn to church the day before and getting ready for wash-day. Monday was wash-day. Tuesday ironing and patching. Wednesday, general cleaning day, getting ready for Thursday, which I resolved, that by the help of God, should be given to missionary work. Thursday was set aside as a day to visit the sick, or if detained at home by company, I had quilt blocks ready, that I might spend the time sewing on

HOME MISSIONARY WORK

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these, to prepare quilts and comforters for missions. Or if the day should be rainy, I would spend the time in writing missionary letters, then enclose a tract or piece of poetry or something to draw people's mind to God. I had some good returns. An answer to one letter stated that a lady, after reading a tract on the Sabbath question had resolved to keep the seventh day Sabbath.

Another lady, who received a letter containing a piece of poetry on Consecration, told me she was on the point of giving up her Christian life, but after reading the poem went to her knees in prayer and renewed her hold upon God.

I always asked God to direct in the writing of the letters, also in the placing of literature in them, that I might do the right thing for the right person. Every piece of poetry was cut out and put in a box for future use. This was indeed pleasant work. It made life worth living.

Some weeks, I would take Thursday as a day for canvassing, using the profits of the day for postage stamps. Or, when I could not go away from home to canvass and my missionary money was running short, I would spend the day in making sun-bonnets or sewing for others, that my missionary money might be supplied.

I had some good experiences in canvassing. I remember one experience which I believe would be of interest to others. Two of our ministers came to our church and presented the needs of our schools. They asked us to help raise this indebtedness by the sale of

"Christ's Object Lessons." They made a strong plea and the burden for this work rested upon me. I resolved that I would do what I could to help in this. In going home, my husband and I talked over the situation. We resolved that we would give some of our spare time to this work of selling "Christ's Object Lessons." We lived about fifteen miles from my father's home. I had not made my father's family a visit for some time, so I promised the church I would sell a number of these "Object Lessons." I took for my territory, my girlhood home or neighborhood.

On a certain day, I with the three children went to my father's home to spend a week. They were indeed pleased when they found we had come down to make them a visit, as we did not often go. But when they found that while we were visiting, I was going to spend a part of the time in selling books, there was great objection. My father hated a book agent. He would not let one enter his home, and now for his daughter to turn book agent was too much. The rest of the family thought that I would disgrace them if I should go out selling books. They would be ashamed to meet anybody while I was engaged in such work as this.

I listened to their objections and tried to show them how it was my duty, and how I was burdened for this work. They were willing to keep the children but objected greatly to my going out as a canvasser. If I wanted to visit the old neighbors, that would be all right.

After they found they could not dissuade me, I

started from home, as they supposed, brave and determined, but after going a short distance from home, my courage failed. I got down on my knees and prayed earnestly to God. This was indeed a great task, to go out as a book agent against the wishes of my friends; to go out and meet with people, it was indeed a new experience and not a pleasant one. I was almost tempted to go back, take my children, and go back home, but while praying to God, the text came to me, "He that putteth his hand to the plow and turneth back, is not worthy of me." This text gave me a determination to go on. I prayed God to help me to find favor in the eyes of the people, that I might dispose of my books.

I went on, visiting amongst old friends and acquaintances. All were glad to meet me; I had a very pleasant day; returned home with six orders for my book. My people were much surprised at this. I went out each day, returning with success. By the time the week was over, there was a change of opinion in my father's home. They became reconciled to my book selling and rejoiced in my success.

I returned home with a good report. The church began to ask me to sell their books. One sister said she would keep house for me while I sold her's. My father-in-law offered me a horse and buggy with which to travel if I would sell his, and so it was planned that I go selling books and help the church raise their share of the indebtedness in this way. The Lord wonderfully blessed us. I had good experiences and sold many books. When I came up to the Camp-meeting, I found that there was just one minister in the state,

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Elder T. H. Jeys, now of the south, who had sold more books than myself.

This was a good experience. While canvassing for "Christ's Object Lessons," ladies would listen to the beautiful story of the Gospel. I would often close my canvass by us all kneeling in prayer, and praying to the God in Heaven to help all of us to live better Christian lives.

From that time on, as long as the "Christ's Object Lesson" campaign lasted, I never went without at least one or two books in my possession, ready to sell. I was able to sell hundreds of "Christ's Object Lessons" in Iowa and Oklahoma. I would not give up the experiences learned in this work for anything. It has been one of the sweet experiences of my life. I owe much of my Christian experience to working with this splendid book.

*Light obeyed increaseth light,
Light resisted bringeth night:
Who shall give us power to choose,
If the love of light we lose?*

CHAPTER VII

LIVING ON THE FARM

My early childhood was spent on the farm, as was also my first years of married life. Our children were all born in Union county, Iowa, on the farm. Ross Jackson Sype was born December 31, 1889. James Earl Sype was born July 12, 1892. H. H. Anna Sype was born January 7, 1898.

I enjoyed Sabbath-keeping on the farm. I enjoyed the daily study of the Sabbath-school lessons. Friday was the day of preparation. After all the cooking, scrubbing, and cleaning was finished, I gave the children their baths. Then as the sun was setting, we gathered together and engaged in family prayer. We arose early Sabbath morning, did our morning work, had family worship, got ready, took our lunch, and would start for church. It was often late when we got home. We would eat dinner while on the road, letting the team feed while we were in church. We would reach home tired and happy, have a good warm supper, close the Sabbath with prayer, do our evening work, and be ready for a good night's rest.

We often stopped on our way to church and visited sick people who might be living near the road. We lived seven miles from church, but never missed attending, unless sickness prevented. We found the

distance to church was indeed a blessing, as it afforded such splendid opportunities for distributing literature. We saved our papers and would take them and leave them in the mail-boxes on the way. We saved our papers to give to others. The boys saved their "Little Friends" and would take them and leave them along the road for other children to read. Often this awakened an interest in the children to come to Sabbath-school. We often had our buggy full of children before we reached the church.

I remember one Sabbath, I was impressed to stop at a place where a new family had moved in, and asked the wife if I might come and study the Bible with her. She said "yes," so next Monday I hurried my washing and scrubbing and dinner, got the little boys ready, harnessed my team and hitched it up, and we drove over to fill my first appointment for a Bible-study away from home. This lady's husband was a Catholic. She told me afterwards that she knew the Lord had sent me to her. She told me that the day I called she was so lonely and homesick and was so glad to see some one come to her door. I made an appointment to visit her the next week and so the visits continued. I would hire the little boys to sit still, while I gave the reading. She was fond of the boys and used to give them little presents, and they loved Mrs. Fredericks, and James, who was just learning to talk, used to call her "Miss Fledlick, over on the other side of the lail load" (railroad). She lived near the railroad bridge on our way to town. We had many a pleasant afternoon together studying the Bible.

One day I went over and found her husband at home, suffering with the toothache. He staid in an adjoining room. My back was turned to the door, but I was conscious of the fact that he was doing all he could to attract the attention of his wife and sister, having a good time at my expense. I got through as best I could and never let them know I noticed the actions of Mr. Fredericks. Not long after this, Mrs. Fredericks asked me to come in the evening, as her husband wanted to hear the studies. So Mr. Sype and the children and I used to go over and have Bible-studies once a week, Mr. Sype singing a song and praying and I conducting the Bible-study. Mr. Fredericks became deeply interested, and afterwards apologized for his conduct that day. We became fast friends—they strong advocates of Present Truth.

I often went with Mr. Sype to town, and if he had a load of grain, would run ahead and canvass the houses. Then catch up with him and ride awhile, then hurry to the next house; in this way selling the "Signs of the Times," or other magazines and small books, and while in town would spend the time while waiting for him to get his business attended to, in selling magazines or giving away tracts.

Life was worth living if I could do something for my Master, who did so much for me.

*"O turn me, mold me, mellow me for use,
Provide my being for Thy vital force,
That this inexpensive life of mine
May be eloquent and full of power;*

*Impregnated with loving strength divine.
Put the bright torch of Heaven into my hand,
That I may carry it on high
To win the eye of the weary wanderers here
below,
And guide their feet into the paths of peace."*

I delighted to can fruit and store the cellar with plenty, so as to be able to keep all travelers. We never turned a stranger from our door. I loved to keep them, as it gave me a chance to talk the Truth to them. I always was of the opinion that if we could not go to others, God would send them to us, to hear the Truth. I had many good talks with these people and received letters from many, asking questions, or for more reading.

I loved to raise chickens, milk the cows, and raise garden. I had an experience one summer I will always remember. One of our neighbors raised turkeys, and they insisted on making us daily visits, especially when we wanted to feed the chickens. One day, while feeding the chickens, the turkeys came flocking around as usual. I tried to scare them, and in my efforts I threw a stick among them. I hit one of the turkeys and killed it. I was greatly troubled. As no one saw me, I thought I would just keep still. I feared it would make trouble to say anything about it, but I found I had no peace over the situation until I went to see the family and told them. To my surprise they said they did not blame me. We had a good visit. They soon sold the turkeys and things went on smoothly. How

thankful I was that I told these people of the killing of the turkey.

Another experience in chicken raising. One spring I had worked to get early fries, taking great care to always shut them in at night. I had a nice flock, all feathered out, and as they went to roost in the evening, I watched them with delight. The next morning I opened the door as usual, but there was a great change in the flock—not nearly so many. I had at first thought some one had stolen them, but on searching, found, a weasel had discovered a knot-hole in the back of the chicken-house, and entering, had killed thirty-five young fries. The next night the weasel visited the chicken-coop, but found a trap ready for it. I had the pleasure of getting the weasel, but that did not bring back the chickens.

When Anna was born I had a nervous break-down, and when she was three months old, I went to a sanitarium for treatment. When they told me I would have to leave my baby, as they would not take her in the sanitarium, I said I would never part with my baby, unless by death. Mother Sype, my mother, different sisters of the church, came and offered to keep her, but she was too precious to trust with any one, and after a long cry, they would end by saying, "Well, Minnie, take the baby."

I was very weak. They took baby and me to the train and helped us on. She was so good all the way from Afton to Lincoln. A man helped us off the train and to the waiting room. I was so thankful all the way that I had the baby. I watched for the people to

meet me. At last I saw two nice, clean-looking young men, without cigars in their mouths, enter the depot, and I said, "These are the people to meet me." I beckoned to them. They came over and told me they came for Mrs. Sype. I was soon on my way to the Nebraska sanitarium. We reached the sanitarium after dark, but there were a number of nice people in the parlor, who spoke kindly to us and the baby looked up and smiled. They all welcomed her. Miss Lucy Hart was so kind to baby and myself as were also many of the patients.

My stay proved beneficial. As soon as I was able, I boarded outside of the sanitarium and took only the treatments. There was an old lady who kept Anna while I took the treatment, also Bible study at the college. I was always thankful that I kept the baby with me. I know no one can care for a child as its own mother can.

When I returned home, I found Mr. Sype thinking of moving to Wyoming. Brother Riley Kirks, from the Afton church, had moved out there. They liked the country, so after much talk and persuasion, I was induced to consent to go to Higby, a mining-camp six miles from Sheridan, Wyoming.

[These lines were written by Ellen L. Goveh, a Brahman of the highest caste, adopted daughter of Rev. W. T. Stone, of Bradford, England.—*Sabbath Reading.*]

*In the secret of his presence how my soul delights to
hide.*

*Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus'
side!*

*Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me
low,
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the "secret
place" I go.*

*When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of
His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and
crystal spring;
And my Saviour rests beside me, as we hold commun-
ion sweet;
If I tried, I could not utter what He says when thus
we meet.*

*Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts and griefs
and fears;
Oh, how patiently he listens, and my drooping soul He
cheers!
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a false
friend he would be
If He never told me of the sins which He must surely
see.*

*Do you think that I could love Him half so well as I
ought
If He did not tell me plainly of each sinful word and
thought?
No; He is so very faithful, and that makes me trust
Him more,
For I know that He does love me, though He wounds
me very sore.*

*Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of
the Lord?*

*Go and hide beneath His shadow; this shall then be
your reward;*

*And when e'er you leave the silence of that happy
meeting place,*

*You must mind and bear the image of your Master in
in your face.*

*You will surely lose the blessing and the fullness of
your joy,*

*If you let dark clouds distress you, and your inward
peace destroy.*

*You may always be abiding if you will rest at Jesus'
side;*

*In the secret of His presence you may every moment
hide.*

CHAPTER VIII

OUR EXPERIENCE GOING TO WYOMING

Mr. Sype found it necessary to go first, leaving all the packing and shipping for me. This was a great task, as I was not very strong and my heart was not in the move as it should be to make moving interesting. We were at last ready to go. Father Sype took us to the train and I began the first long trip I had ever taken — three children and baggage. I had my hands full and so did each boy. The little fellows staid close by my side and we got through all right.

When I got off the train at Sheridan, I shall never forget the beautiful scenery and the snow-capped mountains. It looked like such a short distance to these mountains, but it was really farther than it seemed.

Mr. Sype was at the depot to meet us. We went at once to Higby, to the little miner's shanty we were to call home. This was indeed a change from the pleasant country farm home, with the beautiful green lawns and trees, to the bleak, barren coal-camp. There were children in that camp who had never seen an ear of corn, and an apple tree was an unknown luxury. Oh, how many times I wished I could gather up these children and turn them loose in an Iowa apple orchard about the time when apples were ripe. It was hard to

adapt ourselves to the surroundings of a mining-camp.

The people began to appeal to me. I saw they were without hope or God in the world, so I began to see what I could do for them. I started a little family Sabbath-school, and most of the time we were the only Christians in the camp. But we invited our neighbors' children in and sometimes had thirty-five children in the Sabbath-school. I used to put Anna in her buggy and go from home to home, leaving tracts and speaking kindly to the people. I used to go when I had to lean on the buggy for support, as I was not strong, but the Lord gave me strength for the day and I would come back home refreshed and happy.

As winter came on, the measles broke out among the children. Our boys took the disease. I nursed them through and all was going along nicely when the coal gave out on us and I could not get out and get more, and the company failed to deliver any. I took the children and went to bed. Anna was not pleased with this. She was not sick enough to stay contented in bed. She tumbled around and took cold and the measles settled in her throat, and for three months I scarcely had her out of my arms. She would choke so when lying down I had to keep her head up continually. At times it seemed she would choke to death. The day she was a year old, my sister sent her some presents, a little pair of shoes and such articles of clothing. The neighbors thought she would be buried in them. They were a drinking people and thought whiskey was a "Cure-all," so they thought I must give her a little whiskey, but I was determined I would not come

down to the use of whiskey. I said: "Not one drop of whiskey can go down my child's throat with my consent." I knew my God would not let my child die for the want of a little whiskey, and I hated the intemperate condition of things, but determined to hold on to God's arm by faith. I wondered why I had this sickness, but found God knew best. After the people saw that my baby lived they called me to attend theirs. I was called so often, they got to calling me the "Doctor." I never lost a case, but studied the "Home-Handbook" and went out.

The next summer, the babies of the camp had a time with cholera infantum. I went nearly every day and night, and the parents had the greatest faith in my ability to help them. While Anna was sick, I asked the neighbors to come in once a week, in the afternoon, and we would spend the time piecing quilt blocks or sewing at something. As I could not sew and hold my baby, I would hold Anna in my arms with her little head resting on my shoulder, and read to them while they worked. We began with three. I could not get out, but the attendance increased until the room would hardly hold the people. We kept this work going and sometimes had as much as \$50 in the treasury. We supplied the children with "Youth Instructors" and "Little Friends," also bought a number of song-books, and helped some poor and needy people.

Mr. Sype could not stand mining long, so he got work with the company by the day. His wages were not high. There were five in the family and all we had to live on was his wages. One day I was talking to

the superintendent of the camp. He said, "Well, Mr. Sype shall have work, but I expect during the harvest time, he will have to work on Saturday." I said, "Never. Now, Mr. Hayes, if you dismiss Mr. Sype because of unfaithfulness in any way, I should feel badly, but if you dismiss him for Sabbath-keeping, I shall go out of the camp rejoicing, even if we have to go out afoot, as I will believe my work is finished here." He said, "Remember you have some children to support." I said, "Yes, and we will do all we can to support them, but never will we break one of God's Commandments to do so." He looked at me. I said: "Some people steal horses to support their families. That is no worse than stealing God's time." He said, "We'll see."

I went home not knowing what would happen, but determined to be true to God. When Friday evening came, Mr. Sype came home as usual, in time to wash and get ready for the Sabbath. We gathered for our family prayer and spent the Sabbath, Mr. Sype not doing any work for the company until Sunday morning. This went on week in and week out. Harvest time passed. Mr. Sype was never called upon to work on the seventh day, and when we left the camp, the superintendent told us that as long as we would stay there we should have work.

I had an experience one day in this way — one of our neighbors, who had been kind to us, gave a party. She invited the ladies of the camp. I also received an invitation. When she invited me she informed me there would be beer drinking, but she would also have

lemonade for the ladies who did not care for beer. I wondered what was best to do, and after thinking the situation over, concluded to go and show the ladies I did not feel above them. The beer was passed and all took a glass but myself and one other lady. A Mrs. Kelly, who was noted for her drinking, looked at me and said, "Poor Mrs. Sype is not free to drink what she chooses." I said, "I do not need your pity; I am happy." The beer was passed again and again Mrs. Kelly said, "Poor Mrs. Sype drinks no beer and is losing much pleasure." I said, "I beg your pardon; I am the happiest woman in this camp. When pay-day comes, I am not compelled because of appetite to spend money that is needed for clothing and food, for beer. I am a free woman, you are the woman that is in bondage." The ladies all became interested by this time, and one said: "Mrs. Sype, I believe you are the free woman." I then gave them a talk on temperance and from that on, there was no more beer drinking at that party. So I went home happy, feeling that God had given me a victory.

On another occasion, Mr. Sype and I went to spend the evening with a neighbor. When we entered the home, we found there six people engaged in a good old-fashioned beer drink. One man said, "Mrs. Sype, take a glass of beer." The others reproved him at once, and one said, "Are you not ashamed of yourself to offer her beer?" We soon changed the conversation to religious subjects and to singing. Mr. Sype had his song-book with him and these people were good singers. We sang religious songs and they insisted upon us stay-

ing until late in the evening, but there was no more beer drinking while we were there. Some said to me, "How can you live here with so much drinking going on around you?" I replied, "The beer drinking is indeed sad, but they never come near me while drunk. They are as quiet toward us and peaceable as can be. When I go to the store and they are having a big time, they are all quiet until I leave. When they come to our home, they never come while intoxicated. I only feel sorry for them, to see the hold the drink habit has upon them. The influence of drink is indeed sad."

One day a number of men bought a keg of beer and locked it up in a shack for future use. The young boys of the camp learned about the hidden beer, unlocked the door, took the beer, and had a beer drink all to themselves. They told me it was not an uncommon thing for women to have to be carried home drunk, but these women were very careful not to take a drink or speak of their drinking in my presence.

One day while a lady was visiting me, she said, "Oh, Mrs. Sype, I wish I knew how to pray!" I asked her, "Did you never pray?" She said, "No; I never heard prayer in my home. My mother never prayed; I have never prayed, and at times there is a longing for something higher than this life. I wish I was a good Christian. Will you teach me to pray?" We had prayer. I studied the Bible with this lady and she began to realize what it was to live for her family and her home became more pleasant than it had ever been in the past, because she had been a very hard drinker, as had also her husband.

A lady who had a drinking husband and five children to work for, and very little to go on, because of drink, told me the next summer after Anna had recovered from her sickness, that she did not know how she could have lived through the winter that had just passed, if she had not made her visits to my home. She said she would be burdened over her situation and rebellious over her lot; then she would come and see how I was struggling on, taking care of my sick baby and trying to keep patient and not complain about my lot. Then she would go home determined to be more patient and kind to her family.

I then began to realize that the Scriptures are indeed true. The text that says, "And we know all things work together for good to those that love the Lord and are called according to His purpose," seemed more precious than ever.

We appointed one night in the week for singing. Each Thursday night our little home would be crowded with men and women who came to spend the evening in singing. We would sing the good old songs concerning the Coming of the Lord, Trust in God, and such good Adventist songs as we all knew. This had a great effect on the camp. The people would be coming and going from their work, singing religious songs, which was a change.

The wife of the superintendent of the camp invited me to her home one day. She told me she wanted to thank me for what I was doing for the people. She said her husband could see a great change in them.

That summer they called on me to teach the spring

term of school. An old lady living near us said she would keep Anna during school hours. James and Ross could go to school to me, so my anxiety to help the people and our need of money caused me to consent to teach this term of school. We had a pleasant time. The children loved and respected me, obeyed in every way, and only for the break-in mentioned elsewhere, by an unruly boy who was not going to school, we spent a very pleasant time together.

They also asked me to take charge of the Sunday-school. I consented to this, thinking that perhaps I could get some to come to Sunday-school who could not attend Sabbath-school. The parents of the camp were very anxious for their children to be under good influence. One family I remember, were worldly, rough people. They loved their beer, the man loved to fish on Sunday, but they wanted their children in Sabbath and Sunday-school, so on Sunday Mr. Brown would send Johnnie to Sunday-school, as he supposed, but he, himself, would go fishing. One Sunday he and his wife thought they would come to Sunday-school and when they came they found Johnnie was not there. He said to me, "Mrs. Sype, hasn't Johnnie been coming to Sunday-school?" I replied, "No; he has not been coming for a number of weeks." He said, "Why, we sent him." We found afterwards that Johnnie liked fishing as well as father, so Johnnie went one direction fishing, while father went another. I said the best way to teach children right, is to do right yourself. Children are not liable to go in the opposite direction

from the parents, so when papa went fishing, Johnnie fished too.

The people of the camp did everything they could for us. At one time, the boarding house proprietors found themselves without an overseer. The superintendent of the camp came to me and asked me if I would come and fill this vacancy until they had time to find some one. I told them I would have to take my children and Mr. Sype, and all would have to board there. He said, "Go ahead," and I went. We all boarded there, but I found they were not hurrying the search to find some one else, and I did not feel that the surroundings were good for the children, still I kept staying, supposing that perhaps we would at least earn part of our board. At last I felt so burdened concerning the surroundings for my children that I told the superintendent he must find somebody to take my place, as I was only working until he found some one. When they sent me a statement, to my surprise they had allowed me six dollars a week and the board for all my family. This was indeed a help to us at this time and I appreciated it very much and would have continued there, but knew that the spiritual welfare of my family was worth more than dollars and cents.

We had remained in the camp for about one year and loved the people more than ever, but the work was hard for Mr. Sype, and his father was writing for us to come back to Iowa, so after much thinking concerning our children's welfare and Mr. Sype's condition in health, we concluded the best thing to do was to go back to Iowa.

60 LIFE SKETCHES AND EXPERIENCES

I will never forget the sorrow among the camp people when they found we were going. The children — the older people — all seemed to be sorry to think we were leaving them. We had spent many happy days working for the sick, praying for and with mothers that were burdened, and the little Sabbath-school had commenced to grow. A few began to keep the Sabbath and we left a few witnesses for Present Truth at this place. Also received many letters after leaving, but suppose now the people that then were there are scattered, but hope to meet in the Kingdom of God some from Higby, Wyoming, mining-camp.

CHAPTER IX

IOWA FARM AND STRUGGLE IN GIVING IT UP

When we came back to Iowa, Father Sype met us and rejoiced in our return home. We went at once to their home. Father and mother were living on their farm in Sand Creek township, Union county, Iowa.

We had not been home long when father informed us he was planning to buy us a farm. This was indeed glad news; to think of owning a home of our own seemed too good to be true. Father spent the winter time in looking at farms and talking and planning to buy for his children, who did not already have one, a home. At last the purchase was made. It was decided that we should have a little farm of seventy-eight acres, with fruit-trees, flowers, large shade-trees, a beautiful yard, and Oh, so home-like. How thankful I was to move to this little home. The next spring we moved there and I said we never would move again until the Lord came.

We soon gathered cows, horses, chickens around us and began farm life in earnest. I indeed enjoyed this place — the quiet rest — the children were free. They did not have to be watched every moment to keep them from bad company. They could run and play at leisure. Surely this was grand. I used to go alone

among the trees and there get down on my knees and thank God for our blessings.

I well remember one day, while praying, that I said, "God, all we have and are, is Yours." At this there was an impression so strong came over me that I knew it was from God — and the still, small voice whispered, "And would you sell?" I stopped praying. "Sell this little home — move again — go away I know not where — O Lord surely this will not be." Again the impression was so strong, "And would you sell?" I had told the Lord that all we had and were was His. I dare not refuse this. "Yes, Lord, we would sell," but I hoped in my heart that this would not be.

It wasn't long until a family that had moved to Oklahoma began to write flourishing letters describing the possibilities of that country. Mr. Sype began to think how much more he could do in Oklahoma with the money he had, than where we were. We were planning to build a new house and had money for same. He said, "We can build a house on a larger piece of land and have more work for the boys, than to stay here and build on this small farm." I continually thought of my prayer. I did not like Oklahoma. I hated moving and we were just getting so we could be independent; our own chickens, eggs, milk, butter, vegetables, fruit in abundance — it seemed to me too good to give up.

After much talking and discussing the question, I told Mr. Sype only under these conditions would I consent. One, that his father would give his consent; (this, I did not think he would do, as Mr. Sype was the

only son and they never were satisfied when he was away from them). Second, to sell the farm for more than we had given and this amount to be cash down. I thought this would be impossible, so let it rest on these conditions.

I often would think of my prayer, and wondered if it was not God's will for me to live in this pleasant home. We were laying plans to build, and one day while away looking for lumber and workmen, one of our neighbors called at our home. On returning, the children informed us that the neighbor wanted to buy the farm. My prayer came to my mind, also the test. I again repeated, only under these conditions will we sell. I soon learned the neighbor wanted our farm to finish his quarter section. Mr. Sype told him the price. He also went and asked his father what he thought about his selling. To my surprise, his father said, "It may be better for you to get more land, and you can get more land for your money in Oklahoma; it might be a wise move."

Mr. Sype went back to his neighbor and told him what he would do, and inside of three days our farm was sold, cash in hand, Mr. Sype preparing to go to Oklahoma.

This was indeed a trying experience. I prayed to God for submission. Everything on that farm seemed so precious to me. We had now a nice flock of chickens, one hundred and twenty-five hens, twenty ducks, a nice team of horses, some nice cows, so we thought we would ship all these to our new home and chartered a car. Mr. Sype and my father went with this car.

I well remember how I prayed for strength to give up this farm, and I felt in giving it up, that I must burn the bridge behind me and resolve never to set my foot on this ground again, which seemed so precious.

It was decided that I remain in Union county with the children until after Camp-meeting, as Mr. Sype said there would be nothing but "dug-outs" in that part of the country to which he was going and he was afraid that we would get sick and die, changing climate and going in such a poor place to live. So I got a room in Afton. Father Sype furnished me a horse and buggy, and I spent the few remaining weeks, selling "Christ's Object Lessons," visiting our friends, preparing for Camp-meeting. When I went to the Camp-meeting at Des Moines, Iowa, it was with the intention of going from there direct to Oklahoma.

We had a good Camp-meeting and that spring Elder L. F. Starr was elected president of the Iowa Conference for the first time.

CHAPTER X

MOVE TO OKLAHOMA AND HOW LED TO PUBLIC WORK

I left all the good Iowa friends and took the train at Des Moines for Weatherford, Oklahoma, with our three children and W. L. Manfull's little boy, as he expected to come to Oklahoma soon.

In counting my money and arranging to go, I only calculated on keeping enough to carry me through the Camp-meeting, to purchase our tickets, and pay our expenses on the road to Oklahoma, but our train was delayed, and when we reached El Reno I found my pocketbook very nearly empty — indeed, I did not have enough money left to buy our tickets on to Weatherford — but had some books. I left two of the children and Manfull's little boy at the hotel, took one boy with me, as he could better remember the directions than myself. We started out to sell some books, to finish paying our way, and I intended to work hard, as I did not want to spend the night in El Reno. After some good talking and working, I succeeded in obtaining the desired amount of money to purchase our tickets to Weatherford.

I thought when I reached Weatherford, my anxiety would be over, as I expected to meet Mr. Sype, with plenty of money. Then I thought we would have a

good night's rest before undertaking our trip across the country to our new home.

When I got off the train at Weatherford, my father was there to meet me. About the first word he said was, "Have you any money?" I replied, "No." He explained, "While waiting for the train, I have been robbed. I had nine dollars in my pocket, but somebody has robbed me." There we were in Weatherford, Oklahoma, hundreds of miles from friends, four little children, all weary from their journey. What were we to do? My father had already placed the team in a wagon yard and had fed them, before going to the train. He also had some crackers and nuts left from his lunch. I gave the children these crackers and nuts for their supper, arranged for them to sleep on some hay in the wagon yard, in one of the sheds. At last, when all was quiet and the children sleeping, I too laid down upon the hay to rest. The thought came to me — "Our Saviour was born in a place something like this. You are no better than your Saviour." This was a comfort to me, to think that my Saviour knew all about this, so I soon was sleeping with the children.

The next morning bright and early, we arose. I found a little change in my satchel that I did not know I had. We purchased a few crackers for the children and started on our journey of thirty-five miles across the country to our new home. At noon we stopped at Arapaho. There we let the horses graze. I bought a cup of coffee for my father and gave the children a few more crackers, but there was not enough for myself. We again hitched the team and started on. We had

gone a good many miles over the prairie road, when my father said he believed we were lost. This was too much. I began to cry. The children began to cry. We indeed felt lonely on the broad prairie of Oklahoma, without money, without anything to eat, and night coming on. After awhile, my father said he heard hounds in the distance, and he knew where the farm was where they kept hounds, so he followed in that direction and soon found his way. We arrived home nine o'clock at night. Mr. Sype had some supper ready for us, and we were indeed glad to reach home.

They had built a nice little house. I again said we were settled to stay until the Lord came. Mr. Sype had planned a pleasant reading room for me, as he knew I loved books and study. I was pleased with his plan for our home, and could not help but be impressed with the bright prospects before us. A hundred and sixty acres of land, a nice little cottage, a fine team, nice flock of chickens, ducks, farming utensils, household goods, buggies — it looked as though we could indeed live independently. He had paid one thousand dollars for this land, most of it under cultivation, a fine crop growing. It was all fenced, and everyone said he had found a bargain, and so it seemed.

He spent the time improving the farm; I in fixing the home to make it pleasant and in teaching the children. We had resolved we would settle a long distance from any other Seventh-day Adventists, as that would give us a chance to live the Truth before those who knew nothing of it, so it was thirteen miles to the first little church that we knew about. After settling there,

we heard of a few Seventh-day Adventists about seven miles away. The first Sabbath we spent in preparing to organize a little family Sabbath-school. All went well. We supposed we were now to live a quiet, pleasant life, raise our children, doing what good we could to those around us, preparing to meet the Lord.

This continued until one day in July when the corn was looking its best and everything was nice and green, a hot wind began to blow — the higher the sun, the hotter the wind, until for three days this hot wind continued, and at the end of that time the crops were all fairly cooked. By August the conditions were such that we had to begin to feed the cows. The horses were not used to this food, as we had to feed them on broom corn seed and kaffir corn. The chickens were not used to such a windy place and the wolves liked to prey upon them, so between the wind and the wolves and lack of proper feed, our chickens began to run down and disappear. The ducks were changed from nice white ducks to clotted, messy, dusty-looking creatures. One of our cows died. The others became very poor. The team ran down to such an extent that before spring we had to sell it for fifty dollars. We were thirty-five miles from a railroad; no fuel only what was shipped in. That winter was indeed a hard one. Our neighbors generally were worse off than ourselves. The only peace we had was in talking and thinking of the Truth.

As the neighbors were gathering around, I improved the opportunity in trying to comfort them and in calling their attention to the fact that the end of all

things was near at hand. This aroused their interest. We were glad to get something to do to keep our minds from our troubles. I began to receive invitations to come and talk to the people about the Bible. They asked me to talk to them on Sunday morning after Sunday-school. Sometimes some one would send word that they were going to come for Mr. Sype, myself, and the children to spend the day. The interest kept increasing; and ere long the superintendent of the Sunday-school and his wife were keeping the Sabbath. Other neighbors also began its observance.

When we came home and would see the run-down condition of our stock, it made us heartsick, but as we saw the interest in the Truth increasing, we praised God for the same. During the winter we were obliged to burn cow chips for fuel, and live on white beans and such other articles of food as we could arrange for. We found it necessary to sell off (at almost any price) first one thing and then another, to sustain life until spring; but during the winter season, found we had a church ready for organization. These poor people were glad to hear the news of the coming of the Lord and accepted the Truth more freely than if they had been in a prosperous condition.

We called for the president of our Conference to come out, and organized what is known as the Gip (Oklahoma) Church, and is known today as the Butler (Oklahoma) Church. I had worked long and hard but never thought of being paid for the same, but to my surprise, one day a letter came and in it was a

check for twenty-five dollars from the Oklahoma S. D. A. Conference. This twenty-five dollars was a great help just at this time.

Toward spring, the president of the Conference asked Mr. Sype and me if we would go out and work for the Conference. We talked over the situation. Our team was gone; our cows were gone; our chickens and ducks had gone down until very few were left. My sister had come to Oklahoma and she offered to stay with the children. Mr. Sype said, "Mamma, if you go into this work, I will stand by you and do what I can. I can sing and open the meetings, and you can tell the people the Truth." I studied and prayed over the situation. It seemed to be the call of God.

I well remember an invitation I had to go over to what is known as the Ruth Church. This was about thirteen miles from home. The brethren over there furnished me a horse and buggy with which to travel back and forth. The horse was an Oklahoma horse, and used to living on burnt grass and kaffir corn. So one day I took the children and went over to Ruth to meet with the little church in prayer meeting. I well remember when I arrived at Brother Stoop's home, he was in the field picking cotton. As I drove up, he said: "Well, Sister Sype, come over and stay all night with us." "Can we have a prayer meeting?" He said, "Yes, and I want you to talk on a certain subject." I said, "I cannot do that," but he replied, "You must. Some of our people are getting discouraged. The preacher who has been here has been trying to tear

down the law, and we want you to explain this subject." "Well," I said, "if that is what the Lord wants me to do, I do not want to refuse, but I am afraid I cannot do it justice." He said, "I am going to put Frankie on a horse and let him go around and tell the neighbors, and I want you ready to talk on the subject."

I went down into a big canyon, close to Brother Stoop's home. I prayed and studied. The burden for souls rested upon me. I felt my inability, but cried to God. That night quite a house full was ready to hear. I did the best I could. God gave me freedom, gave me the attention of the people. They asked me to come back. I promised to come back in two weeks. They also told me on what subject they wanted me to talk. I went home, determined to study hard and prepare for the next visit. I went back and found a large number of people gathered.

After the meeting, a young lady came up to me and spoke to me about my sermon. This was the first time it had entered my head that I was really preaching. People began to call for me to come here and there to hold meetings. They began to call me the "woman preacher," and this was a great trial, as I had never admired a woman preacher. I well remember one day, when praying to God over the situation, the mountains of opposition, public criticism, and public opinion that would have to be met, heaped up before me until I was indeed in despair, and I cried, "O Lord, I never can do this," but while crying and praying to God, there was an impression came so strong, that I knew it was from God — "My Grace is sufficient." I got up

from my knees, determined to do whatsoever my hands found to do and leave the result with God. Let them call me what they would, I would not refuse the call of God.

CHAPTER XI

MY EXPERIENCES IN HOLDING MEETINGS, AND MOVING TO IOWA

A brother from P—, Oklahoma, sent an urgent invitation for Mr. Sype and me to come up there and hold meetings. I well remember the day Mr. Sype and I left the home for an absence of a week or two; left the children with my sister Myrtle. We traveled to this place, found a number there anxious for us to begin at once, and went to engage the schoolhouse in which to hold the meetings. The director said yes, we could have the schoolhouse and welcome, but he did not believe we would want it long. He said they were the roughest set of people he ever saw. "Why," he said, "they run out every preacher that comes here. They shoot revolvers around the school; they sit in the back part of the room and play cards while the preacher is trying to preach. You can do nothing with them."

I said, "Well, God surely sent us here. He will have to take care of the people, also give us strength to tell them what we have to say." So we engaged the schoolhouse. As we drove past a place where a number of men were breaking colts, we announced the meeting. They all looked at each other and laughed and made some remark, but we had done our duty, and drove on. The first night of the meeting, Brother and Sister Nel-

son, three young people, Mr. Sype, and myself were all that were present. It was a rainy evening. Before the meeting was over the rain came down in torrents. Brother and Sister Nelson, Mr. Sype, and myself did not leave the schoolhouse until four o'clock in the morning. It was a long, weary wait. It was a very poor beginning, but we were there and determined not to give up. We kept calling on the people, inviting them to meetings, and our congregations began to increase. Each night we could see a decided improvement. This was the first time we had ever tried to go through a systematic study of the Prophecies in public. Brother Nelson's home was crowded. He was poor. The storekeeper at the little village of P—— had more room, and he offered Mr. Sype and me a room to call our very own. Many an hour I spent in this room studying, praying, trying to form an intelligent connection of the Prophecies, to present that night. When evening would come, a full house would be waiting for us. In fact, the crowds came to such an extent that the house would not hold the people. We only had standing room, and as the evenings grew warm they would throw open the windows, and those in buggies would drive around and listen through the open window. As I would go in and everything was quiet, I went forward for prayer, the burden for souls rested upon me, and I would feel as though my strength was not sufficient, but I would cry to God, and the assurance would come back, "My Grace is sufficient."

I never had to rebuke them for misconduct. It was so very quiet that you could hear the slightest sound.

The meetings continued week in and week out. Even during the harvest time great crowds would come. I often felt as though I had told all that I knew, but saw the hungering for more knowledge concerning the Word of God, and would go back, fix up, and go over the ground in a little different way, appealing to the people to give their hearts to God. The result was, Elder G. F. Haffner, president of the Oklahoma Conference at this time, came out and in the month of July, baptized, and organized a little church. We held three series of meetings at this place, each time gaining new converts.

There were calls coming thick and fast from different parts of the country, for us to come over and help them. After we closed the meeting at P——, we held a series of meetings at R——. There Elder Summer-ville was sent out to help us. We continued the meetings for a number of weeks and about forty-two united with the church. These did not all prove true, but a number of them are yet firm believers in Present Truth.

We held meetings at T—— and surrounding country, and so the days and weeks and the months passed swiftly by. Two churches had already been organized, besides a scattered number of Sabbath keepers, from our year's work.

At the Camp-meeting they granted me ministerial license, the first license I ever carried. I was very much surprised to be granted this ministerial license, and appreciated the kindness of my brethren very much. I labored under the direction of the Oklahoma

Conference five years; three years while Elder G. F. Haffner was president. He was indeed a kind man — not opposed to “woman preachers.” He made my work very pleasant, as he appreciated and showed his appreciation for the same.

The next spring we rented our farm for cash rent; as there had been another drouth and we had received no grain rent from our farm during the summer that was past. We were in a country which was subject to hot winds and drouth, Custer county, Oklahoma, so we thought we would rent our farm this time for cash rent, surely receiving something.

That fall, my sister married W. L. Manfull. This left us without help, so we concluded to take the children with us, as I was very unhappy when away from them. So we built a little house on wheels, as it was very hard to rent a house. We bought a top buggy, took our family, and started out for good. I well remember the day we left our home, giving it over to others. It was not without regret. I took the three children and started out without a real home, but I knew that God would care for his people, so I bade farewell to our home and we started on our journey to fulfill an appointment in Dewey county.

We pulled our wagon close to the schoolhouse, pitched the tents, and arranged so as to have the horse and buggy to use while visiting during the day, go to the school house to hold meetings at night, and then had our little home close by in which to spend the night. I was indeed happy when I could have the children with me, but this happiness was not to last long, as Ross must

have an education. I resolved that my children must have something better than a public school education. I had struggled along, rising early in morning, teaching them, doing the work, visiting in the afternoon, holding meetings at night, but Ross was now thirteen years old. He must have more education than I was able to give him. So after praying and thinking the subject over, we resolved to send him to Keene, Texas, to school.

I well remember the day we took him to Arapaho, Oklahoma, got him a new trunk, fitted him out with new clothes, placed in his pocket, money to go on, bought a ticket and took him to the train, four miles away, as they now had a railroad in this part of the country. We waited in the depot until twelve o'clock at night; placed our little boy on the train to make the journey alone. We arranged to get the horse and go back home, after the train left, but on going for our horse, to our surprise he was not to be found. This meant that we were to spend the night, sitting in the lonely, cold depot. Early the next morning I said, “I will go down to the section house, try and get something to eat, go back to Arapaho, take the mail-wagon, and go to fill my appointment for that night,” which was twenty-five miles away, Mr. Sype having to stay to look for the horse.

I went down to the section house and after much persuasion, induced them to give me my breakfast, I paying for the same. I then went to the big road, watching for somebody to come along that I might ride to Arapaho, four miles away. I soon saw a big wagon

approaching, and when they got close enough, found it was a big Indian driving the team, the squaw sitting in the bottom of the wagon. I stopped him, determined to get to Arapaho if possible. I said, "Will you let me ride to Arapaho?" "How much will you pay?" I asked, "How much do you want?" He replied, "Half dollar." I said, "Too much." Then he said, "Two bits." I expected to pay the two bits rather than miss the ride, but thought I would talk a little longer and try and get it as cheap as I could, but when I said I did not want to pay that much, it made the squaw angry and she commanded him to drive on, leaving me standing in the road. After awhile a man came along and I got to ride to Arapaho for twenty-five cents. Before I got started in the mail-wagon, Mr. Sype drove up with the horse and buggy. The horse had soon been found, as it had only wandered a short distance into the woods. We now started on our long trip back to our evening's appointment. It seemed to me we never would get there, but it began to rain toward evening, and I was very glad for this, as I knew then that there would be no meeting. We did not then have to make such an effort to reach the place, so decided to stop over night with friends, returning home the next day to the broken family circle, for we missed the boy very much.

We held meetings at different places and received encouraging letters from those we learned to love and labor for. We sometimes held these meetings in homes where the people would come in, and I well remember one place where we talked on the line of

Prophecies found in the Book of Revelation. Everybody was attentive. There was the best of order. We finished the subject and prepared to close the meeting, when some one asked, "Can you give us another sermon tonight?" I said, "I fear I will tire you." They replied, "No; we want you to talk again." So I took another line of Prophecies. All sat quietly until I had talked another hour. So the work went on, the people accepting the Truth, crowds coming to hear the same.

About this time, a strong call came from Woods county, Oklahoma. Brother and Sister Burchfield, living at M—, Okla., wanted help. After considering the question, we concluded to make this move from Dewey county to Woods county. Dewey and Custer counties were again visited with drouth. This was three years of drouth. We could not collect our cash rent. We were getting poorer in this world's goods; our salaries were not large; our family had to be supported; our expenses were not always the lowest. We concluded to leave our little home on wheels, as Brother Burchfield wrote us they had a house in which we could live. So we went.

I well remember this trip, from Dewey county to Woods county, Ross and James on horseback, Mr. Sype, Anna, and I in the buggy. We started out, crossing the Canadian River, and stopped at a little trading point to spend the night, where there was not so much as a hotel to be found. We all went to the wagon yard to sleep, and made our beds as best we could. As we had become used to frontier life, it did not seem so

hard as the first time I spent the night in a wagon yard.

We resumed our journey the next day, going through an Indian village. All this was new and interesting to the boys. On one occasion we came to a stream. A big Indian and his family were there, ready to cross the stream, with a brand new buggy. He asked Ross and James to ride through the stream to see how deep the water was. They did so, but some way they did not strike as deep water as the Indian did when he went in with his new buggy. The water was too deep to suit him and he was vexed with the boys for not finding the deep water.

We stopped in an Indian village awhile, looked at the beads, noticed the boys and girls coming from school, passed through this part of the country, and reached Brother Burchfield's late at night, tired from our two days of riding over sandy roads, hills, and hollows. We found Brother Burchfield's a kind Christian family. We soon went to housekeeping and started meetings in their schoolhouse.

We used to gather at Brother Burchfield's for prayer in the afternoon, then go to the meetings and talk to large crowds of people. They came from far and near. The schoolhouse would be filled to overflowing. These meetings continued until thirty-two were baptized and united with the church. We had many good experiences at this place and remained in this neighborhood for some time.

From this place, we went to L—, where Brother Graves lived. We held a meeting at this place. People came, filled the house, and listened attentively to

the Truth, but it seemed impossible to get them to decide to obey. There were two families of Adventists, already in this place. One day, while I was out alone, praying and talking to God over the situation, it occurred to me that there might be something hindering the working of God's Spirit on the hearts of these people. I resolved to inquire and find the condition of the representatives of Truth in this place. To my surprise, I found the brethren were not on good terms. In fact, there had been a serious difference, which had never been made right. I saw if we expected the people to yield to the Truth, there would have to be a different state of affairs. I began to work for our own people; persuaded and labored, but never accomplished what I had hoped to accomplish, and left this place with disappointment, because of the lack of the gathering of souls to the fold.

Along about this time, our brethren began to call for meetings at Enid, Oklahoma. Our property was doing us no good in Custer county. It was only expense to us. Our children were all getting large enough to be in school. I had taught them as long as I well could. So we decided to trade our homestead for property in Enid, move there, and send the children to school. We did so and started the children to school. We hired a housekeeper and continued our work in the adjoining country.

The next spring after Ross had gone to school at Keene in the fall, I was called to A—, Oklahoma. My sister, Mrs. W. L. Manfull, lived near this place. I was pleased to go, as I knew the children would be

happy to again see their aunt, who was almost as near to them as their mother. Anna and I went on the train; Mr. Sype and James with the horse and buggy, and Ross came up from Keene, Texas, to this place, and I once more enjoyed my family at my sister's home.

We found Ezra Fillman, a young man, trying his best to hold the interest. He welcomed us and we began to assist him. We held meetings on the banks of the Red River. People flocked from far and near to hear us. We had a great interest. We visited through the day, held meetings at night, was busy every moment. It seemed that the whole country was going to become Seventh-day Adventists. When we went to Camp-meeting a great number had decided to obey, but on our return to this place we found many had proved "stony ground hearers." We held meetings through this part of the country until the coming fall; then returned to Custer and Dewey counties and visited the believers there.

There was an urgent call in the southern part of Oklahoma and I was sent to fill this engagement. When I went out there, I found one family of Seventh-day Adventists trying to live the Truth as best they could. This was John Paxton and wife. They were glad to have somebody visit them in the interest of Present Truth. I engaged a schoolhouse and held a series of meetings. The people came until the schoolhouse would hardly hold them. I made my home at Brother Paxton's. Mr. Sype was in Enid attending to duties there, and Brother and Sister Paxton would

take me to meeting in the evening, but I did not pay much attention to the rough road over which we passed. We had not been holding meetings very long when, one afternoon, he and his wife and I went to make a visit to a neighbor's, intending to go from that place to the schoolhouse in which the meeting was to be held that night. Toward evening, we started for the schoolhouse, but Sister Paxton was not feeling well and on the way to church became very sick. We had to turn around and take her back home, and when we reached home Brother Paxton dare not leave her. This left me to go alone with the team and drive to the schoolhouse over the sandy road. It was already getting late and I hurried, thinking perhaps I might get some neighbor to go with me, but on arriving at the neighbor's house I found they had gone on to church; the next one likewise, until the last house was passed and I had the prairie road over which to go, to reach a wire gate, drive through a pasture, around over hills and canyons, until I could reach the schoolhouse. I determined to try and reach the place if possible. Got along very well until the place where I turned off to go through the wire gate was reached, when I found I had taken the wrong road around to the supposed gate, and there was no gate. I turned and drove up to the main road and tried it once more, but found again I had not gotten the right place. I was lost. It was getting late — high time the meeting was beginning, and yet I could not find the gate. In my despair I cried to God. I rushed the team. We tried it once more. This time I found the wire gate, opened the

same, hurried to the schoolhouse and found my congregation just getting ready to leave. I went in, announced that I guessed Satan was determined I should not talk about him that night, as my subject was Origin, History and Destiny of Satan. I told the people my experience. They laughed and then we settled down to the meeting. We had a good meeting, the best of attention, and I felt that the evening's experience was not entirely a failure; but it gave me to understand what a terrible thing it must be to be lost and not find your way out.

After we closed meetings in this place, I went back to Enid. There were urgent calls for us to come to some country places, but Enid was calling for meetings. I well remember the Sabbath that I had come to where I had to decide whether we would go to a little village a few miles from Enid, known as C—, or if we would open up meetings in the city of Enid. I prayed earnestly over the situation. I had held meetings mostly in country districts. Most of my life had been spent in the country. I had been a country girl, a country school teacher, and a country preacher, and did not feel like taking up city work. I explained this to our brethren at Enid. Brother Martin had come over that day to see if we would come to his place. We laid the situation before him. I said, "I do not know which way to go. It must be decided today if we go to C— or remain in Enid, and I am going to leave the question for the brethren to decide." We had prayer, sought God earnestly, then cast lots, and the lot fell on my remaining in the city of Enid.

I knew if that was where God wanted me, he would give me strength to do my work.

This would give us the great privilege of being at home with the children during the winter, and made it very nice. So we soon began meetings in Enid. We began them during the week of prayer. We knew the church would meet for the reading and the prayer service. They had certain ones whom the church named that we should pray for. In the evening we would hold meetings. We had good faithful members at Enid. They were alive to the situation and willing to make any sacrifice. Brother Thompson's family and Brother Butka's family lived in the country and had plenty of horses. They would send their families in buggies to church, and then take the big wagon, go through the city of Enid, gather up the people that could not walk so far, and bring them to church, and our sisters, living in the town, would go out during the day, inviting the people, making arrangements to have these brethren call for them. These meetings continued from the week of prayer until April. During this time there was an addition of forty to the church membership.

I have never enjoyed work more at any place or any time, than at Enid, Oklahoma. It is true, other troubles came up in the church afterwards that somewhat scattered the flock, but God wonderfully blessed us and from those meetings have gone out people who have worked and are working today in the cause of God, as the result of those meetings. I always attributed the great success at this place to the fact that the

people prayed. The people were willing to unite as one man for one great purpose and effort. They brought the people, they did the singing, they prayed, the meetings went on, all working together to accomplish what was accomplished. Every person who was prayed for during the week of prayer was converted with the exception of one man.

The next summer we went to C——, Oklahoma. At this place, we were informed when we arrived, they had already two churches and that was enough. Of course we had been sent there and expected to stay, so we pitched our tent and began our meetings. On Sunday night we opened the meeting and while singing the first song, there was a sound just above my head on the tent that made me know something was wrong. Again, another thump against the tent, and I recognized somebody was stoning the tent. I saw the people beginning to get alarmed. When the song was sung, I told them, "If anybody is going to get hurt tonight, it is myself, so you may rest assured this meeting will not close until we have to." I said, "I am in the hands of God. God can protect. He tells us 'The hairs of our head are numbered.' He says 'the steps of a good man, are ordered of the Lord,' and if I have to die before Jesus comes, I had rather die in the pulpit, telling the Truth, to the people, than any place else, so just sit still and we will pay no attention to what is going on on the outside."

Every once in awhile there would come another stone, generally just over my head. The tent was checked by the throwing of these stones, but the meet-

ing went on without any interruption whatever, God giving me Grace to keep quiet and attend to my subject.

The next day we found thirty-five lime stones, rocks, and chunks of coal that had been thrown against the tent. We made no remarks about this, paid no attention. When the people spoke about it, we only laughed and acted as though we considered it a little joke. The public sentiment was very strong against the action of those who threw the stones. From that time on we were never interrupted in our meetings. We left good warm friends at this place, and there were a few who accepted of the Truth.

We moved the meeting to a country schoolhouse a few miles away, and there had good results, good interest, so did not feel that our work in this part of the country was a total failure.

The next winter, the Union Conference was to be held at Keene, Texas. Ross had to go to school at Keene. I felt the need of more education, so we decided that the children and myself would go to Keene to school. I well remember the night we left Enid. The church accompanied us to the depot and as we left on the train, they were singing, "God be with you 'til we meet again."

We remained in school, the children and myself, until the Union Conference. Then Elder Haffner said, "Sister Sype, we need you back in the field." So I gave up my school work, went back to Oklahoma, leaving Ross in the school. I stopped on my way back, at A——, Oklahoma, to visit the work there.

We found the whooping-cough all through the school and church, but Anna never took the disease. In fact, I never lost a day in the work because of sickness in my family. Sometimes we were exposed to smallpox, sometimes to scarlet fever, sometimes to whooping-cough, but God kept us through it all.

We went from A—— to Perry, Oklahoma, where there was a strong call for meetings. We began meetings at this place. The water was very poor. I had been working hard, and my health was not the best. The water in Oklahoma being of a Gip makeup was hard on my stomach, and at Perry, Oklahoma, I took a spell of vomiting which lasted eight hours. I was very weak.

On the first day of May we left Enid, Oklahoma, for Iowa. We came to L——, Iowa, to assist Brother Wolf, who had been engaged in work the previous winter. We assisted him in finishing his meetings and were present at the baptism. I had the privilege of seeing two of my sisters baptized at this time, which was indeed a great pleasure. We visited at the home of James Shade, my brother-in-law, working around there for awhile, and then went over to Afton, Iowa, where Mother Sype still lived, Father Sype having died while we were in Oklahoma.

We held meetings in the old Afton church, until time to go to Camp-meeting. A number of old friends came to these meetings and some seemed interested in the message I had for them. We planted our garden at this place, intending to return from the Camp-meeting to Afton, but instead of this we were sent to

F——, Iowa, and did not return to Afton for some time. When we did, there was a house built on the garden spot. Our garden did not do us much good.

We held meetings in F—— also, remaining there during the winter and the next summer. A few accepted the Truth. We were able to pay off the indebtedness on the church building and did some good in this old town, where the Truth had been preached for many a year. We also held meetings at B—— and L——; at each place a few united with the church.

The next winter we went to D—— and there held some meetings with good results. D—— is a mining-camp. The people were very much interested in the meetings, and we had good attendance; a number were baptized and united with the D—— church. We enjoyed our work at this place. The people were kind and hospitable. Brother Hopkins furnished us a house in which to live while there. There was a man converted in our meetings, but before he could get peace with God he had to go and tell his neighbor that he had been stealing his eggs. He supposed the neighbor would charge him what he could have sold the eggs for, but to his surprise his neighbor would not take any money, and told him he believed he must be in earnest or he would not be willing to confess his sins in this way.

The boys attended the Stuart Academy, and often when visiting the Academy I would be called upon to hold meetings for the students. I remember the first visit of this kind, Professor Bralliar, now of the south, was principal of the Stuart school. He came in one

morning and said, "Sister Sype, I wish you would conduct the Chapel exercises this morning, and insist on pure, straight living for the students." I prayed earnestly to God to give me the message for that hour. I did not know what was best to say, but I went to the schoolroom, trusting God for the message. The Lord gave me freedom in speech. I said what came to my mind; talked concerning right living and as a result a revival was started. There was no school that forenoon. The students spent their time making things right, confessing their sins, getting right with God. I believe there were young people converted at that time, who changed their whole life's course from that meeting. Some of the boys are now sleeping beneath the sod, some are working in God's Vineyard, and are scattered from place to place, but I well remember them at this time and at this meeting. These meetings continued and went to the church and there was a revival in the church.

From Stuart we were asked to go to E——, Iowa, Elder L. F. Starr, Anna, and myself going there. The two boys were in school. Mr. Sype found it necessary to go home and take care of his mother. At that place we found the parents of the children very anxious to see the young people in the church, converted. We labored for them and had the pleasure of seeing a number of them follow their Lord in baptism. A. P. Hanson, the Elder at this place, was a great help to us in the meetings.

We went from E—— to E——, and there continued our meetings with good results, but on account of a

previous appointment at W——, Iowa, was unable to continue these meetings as long as they should have been continued.

I came back from E—— to Stuart to visit the boys. I found they needed clothing and also their school expenses had to be looked after, so I spent my wages, just received, in fixing the boys up comfortably; Anna and I starting from Stuart with very little money. I expected to make my way selling magazines, as I had several hours to wait in Des Moines, but Anna had taken cold in changing around, and by the time we got to Des Moines had a high fever. I could not leave her in the depot, because she did not feel like staying alone, and she was not able to walk on the streets while I sold papers. The only way I could do was to go into a large building and get some place for her to lie down. Then while she laid there, I would go through the building and sell papers, to try and earn money for our fare to W——. When the train came, I bought my ticket to Waterloo, Iowa. On reaching that town, at midnight, I found I had just fifty cents and a very sick girl. I sat down and studied the situation over. I could not leave Waterloo until seven o'clock in the morning, and would not keep the sick child sitting in the depot, so concluded to take the fifty cents and get a bed. I took the child to the hotel, procured a bed, placed her in it, then sat down to study what to do. I knew I must take the next train or miss my next appointment. I had no money and would not have time in the morning to sell papers before train time, so got down on my knees and prayed to God. This was not

the first time I had come to a hard place concerning financial affairs, and believed that God would hear me now, as well as in the past. I had one "Christ's Object Lesson" book with me and concluded I would go down and try and sell it at one o'clock at night, to the night clerk, as he was the only individual I knew I could reach at that time of night. So I took my book, went down to the clerk, and asked him if he would buy it. He did not seem much interested in religious books. I then told him my story. He said, "If that is the reason you want to sell your book, I would rather loan you the money to pay your way than to buy the book." I knew no other way to do than to accept his offer, so the next morning I took the train for W— and was met at the station by Sister Emma Bloom. I gave Anna a good hot bath, placed her in bed, gave her some good warm teas, and by evening she was feeling real well.

The meeting began. We had a long hard struggle at this place. It was an old run-down church, the remaining members were mostly old and were not able to keep up the meetings, but we did what we could to encourage and strengthen them, remaining there until time to go to the Union Conference held in Minneapolis.

At this time Elder L. F. Starr was asked to go east and Elder M. L. Campbell took charge of the Iowa Conference. On returning from the Union Conference we were asked to go to L—. This was an old run-down church. The people had heard the Truth there for years. We were not able to accomplish much.

At this place, word came for us to go to H—, Iowa.

This was a little town in the northwest part of the state. Truth had never been preached there. I remember the day we landed in H—. Ross was at school. James, Anna, Mr. Sype, and myself landed in that town, among total strangers. There was no one of our faith in that town that we knew of, but we found a boarding house and started out to find a place to pitch our tents. There were two places offered us. One a nice shady place; the other, in the hot sun, but between the two little towns of H— and C—, where the people passed back and forth continually. We talked over the situation and decided that if we were out for a summer's outing, we would choose the shady, retired spot, but as we were out for the good of the people, we must go where the people were, so we decided on the place by the sidewalk, between the two villages. We made ready to pitch our tents there, but the next morning we were informed that a man had already rented this for his garden. He had rented it of one man, while we had rented of the man's partner. I said, "By the help of God, we will not give up this place," so we went to the man from whom we had rented and laid the situation before him. He said, "Well; do what you can with that man, but I am afraid you are going to lose." We saw the man who expected to make his garden there and I talked with him and asked him to give it up. I told him we would pay him five dollars if he would give us the place. At last I induced him to give us the ground. We went ahead, pitched our tents, and opened the meetings. The boys of the town seemed to think it a joke, to see our bell and our cloth

house and tent in which to hold meetings. So when evening came, they amused themselves by slipping up and ringing the bell and then running. This continued off and on during the evening, interrupted the meeting some, but I did not mention it.

After the meeting, Mr. Sype and the children had to go down town for something, leaving me alone with the tents. About a dozen boys came along and thought they would take advantage of the situation and have some fun. One boy said, "Let's ring the bell." Another said, "All right." I was standing there. I said, "Boys, do you enjoy ringing that bell?" They replied, "Yes." "Well; go on and have your fun." They said, "All right." "Now," I said, "you ring that bell just as long as you want to." When I said that, the bell ringing seemed to lose its charm. One boy ventured to give the bell a few rings and seemed to think that as nobody cared, it wasn't so much fun as he thought it was. He came back and joined the other boys, and by that time I was talking to them. I invited them into the tent to look at our new home. They came in and looked around, and then I talked to them about why we were there. I gave them each a paper to read and the announcement of the meetings, and invited them to attend the same. When Mr. Sype and the children came back, the boys and I were having a good friendly visit. We spent some time visiting and talking and the result was, the boys never disturbed the meetings again. Whenever we met one of them on the street, he would lift his hat, and was indeed very polite. We continued our meetings at this place with

good attendance — during the summer season in the tent, in the winter, Bible readings and a series of meetings held in the Baptist Church. The result of these meetings was, we organized a church at H——, built a little church, and felt really thankful to see what could be accomplished by the help of God, as some who took hold of the Truth were from the Catholic Church.

During the winter I visited at Stuart and held another revival meeting with the students. My heart goes out to the boys and girls of the Seventh-day Adventists, because I know something of the anxiety of their parents. We feel so anxious that we may have our children with us for the Kingdom, as we know they are all that we can take with us from this earth to Heaven. At this time Professor Hare was principal of the school and was very kind to us. He is indeed a Christian gentleman.

While at H—— Mr. Sype came to the conclusion that on account of failing health and throat trouble which made him unable to lead in the singing, it would be wrong for him to longer take the tithe of the people for his support. This was indeed a sad situation to face, as he had been a great help to me in the meetings.

He concluded he would go down to where my sister was, at Elk Point, on the farm. I was indeed very lonely, and after trying to work on awhile, alone, went down and told him I believed I would come down to the farm too, but he and James were both very much opposed to my giving up my work. My family has always wanted to see me in the work.

I well remember one morning when I had so much work to do at home, it seemed I could not fill a certain appointment, was working as hard as I could, but it seemed like the work was too much for me to accomplish and get ready to go to the meeting I had appointed. I was crying when Mr. Sype came in. He said, "What is the matter?" I replied: "I do not believe I can fill this appointment. I cannot get my work done and think I shall have to disappoint the people." He said, "No, you will not. I will help you." And by his help I was able to do my work at home, get ready, and fill the appointment on time.

The greatest grief James could have, when he would be careless, would be to tell him he would be a disgrace to his mother's work. He often would say, "Mamma, I wish I could be good. I wish I would not do such and such things, because I know it disgraces you and hurts your work." So I went back to H—— alone and would work for the people through the day, go home and cry myself to sleep at night.

The next spring, Brother and Sister Weeda and myself held meetings at I——, Iowa. We came to Camp-meeting and then I was asked to help Brother J. W. McComas at M—— C—— for a short time. I enjoyed my work at that place.

I was then called to the H—— church to hold some revival meetings. At this place the Lord wonderfully blessed us. I had made up my mind, because of past experiences, when asked to go into a church, to first see that the church was in good condition to labor for the outside world. The church relationship did not,

at this time, seem as closely bound together as it should be. If we want to help others get close to God, we must ourselves know something about God. If we want to bring others into the church, we ourselves must first enjoy Christian experience.

One time when at Camp-meeting, the question was asked, "What would you do if you were called to a church where the people were not working together and did not support you in your work?" I said, "I would take the next train for some place else. I would not stay in a church that did not support me and did not pull together. A divided house cannot stand. Work is simply thrown away if you do not have the support of the believers at that place." So in H—— I began to work for the church. They were good people, honest and loved the Truth, but Satan works hard to bring in misunderstandings and so it was here. But by the help of God, the "powers of darkness" vanished; the Spirit of reconciliation came in. There was indeed a real revival. God wonderfully blessed in the confession of sins and we enjoyed a good meeting together. One soul was buried with the Lord by baptism in this place.

From H—— we went to O—— M——. Miss Nellie Bonjour accompanied me to this place. We found a little company doing all they could to hold up the light of Present Truth, and enjoyed our stay at this place very much. A few souls were united with this small company as a result of the meetings.

The Week of Prayer was coming on, and we were appointed to visit the different churches during this

week. One of the churches with which I was to visit was at Cedar Rapids. Here I found a struggling company who had many perplexities — much opposition to meet. We enjoyed rich blessings during this Week of Prayer, and the church earnestly requested that we stay longer with them. They sent a request to the president of the Conference and he granted their request, so we began house to house work in the city of Cedar Rapids, the church members laboring with us. We labored here until in January, when we were called to go to H—— to the dedication of their new church, as it had been arranged before our coming to Cedar Rapids that we were to help H—— church at the time of the erection of their new building. We held meetings there and remained at H—— until the first of April. Five souls at this place were buried with their Lord by baptism, also a few back-slidden ones were reclaimed. We then returned to Cedar Rapids, following up the interest created by the sisters' distribution of the "Family Bible Teachers." I continued the work in Cedar Rapids until going to the Camp-meeting at C——, Iowa, when I was asked to connect with a tent company there, Dr. Wm. Johnson, Miss Meta Peterson, and myself conducting a series of meetings. At the close of this tent meeting, Dr. Johnson leaving for the west, it was decided that I spend the winter at C——. I enjoyed my work at C—— very much, laboring for souls, preparing a house for worship, and when I returned to Cedar Rapids in the spring had the privilege of knowing that the believers at that place had a little house in which to worship the Lord their God.

On returning to Cedar Rapids we rented a house, Mr. Sype, James, Anna, and myself all being at home. This was indeed a pleasure to have my family with me. The work moved on at Cedar Rapids and still the way opens up. I have more than I can do. Cedar Rapids is a city of thirty-five thousand. There are open doors to Present Truth. The papers of the city are willing to publish a sermon each week. Every one is kind to me and I am enjoying my work at Cedar Rapids.

CHAPTER XII

DEBATING EXPERIENCES

I never liked opposition. I had rather agree with people than disagree, and when I accepted the Present Truth it was indeed hard to meet the opposition, but saw that I must be true to God, so when people came in opposition to Truth, I simply staid by my Bible. I would ask them to give me a text for their view. If they could not give me a text, I would say, "I have learned to lay aside my own opinion, and take God at His word."

When we settled in Oklahoma, one of our near neighbors was a Christian minister. I tried to make friends with the family, and the wife and children became very friendly, but the minister, when he saw I was working with my neighbors, and the calls began to come for me to fill appointments in behalf of the Truth I loved, became very antagonistic and would make it a business to follow my work, condemn my position, and especially emphasize the fact that a woman had no right to engage in public work. This was a very great trial to me when I found I could not make friends with him and that he was determined to spoil my work, if possible. I prayed over the situation. When the president of the Conference came out to visit us, he brought Elder Matthew Larson with him. I laid the situation

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before them concerning this Christian minister, and Matthew Larson said he would be delighted to meet him. He was invited to our meeting to hear Brother Larson. He at once challenged the Adventist World for a discussion. This lasted three nights. The last night, the Christian minister simply gave way in despair and let Matthew have full possession of the remaining time.

I supposed he would now keep his place, but to my surprise, as soon as Matthew Larson was gone he began his work again, visiting the people, opposing my work, and talking against women having anything to do with meetings in such a way, so that I found it necessary to meet him in public.

One Sunday, the Methodist minister had become aroused because some of his flock had already begun to keep the Sabbath, came and spoke against the Seventh-day Adventists. At the close of his remarks, I arose and announced I would review him that night. At this, the Christian minister jumped to his feet and said, "I have an appointment here for tonight." Somebody arose and said, "Divide the time with the lady." He replied, "Never will I talk in public with a lady. They have no right to speak in public." I arose and said, "Let the brother have tonight. I never force myself on anybody. I always find plenty to say and plenty to hear me without taking somebody else's time." So I said, "Tomorrow night I will review both the Methodist and Christian ministers."

On Monday night we went to the schoolhouse early, but found on our arrival that the house was already

filled. The people could not all find even standing room. The doors had to be thrown open. The people were there to hear the review of both the Methodist and the Christian minister. The Methodist minister was not present. I invited the Christian minister to a front seat. After opening the meeting with song and prayer, I first announced that I had tried to make peace with this, my brother, but found that nothing but a public answer to his opposition would suffice, so now I was ready, first, to defend myself as a woman. I said, "I got my commission from Jesus Himself. He commissioned Mary on His resurrection, to go and tell the brethren that He had risen." I said, "I am telling them He is going to come again, following in Mary's footsteps. Paul, in Romans, 16th chapter, recommends a number of lady workers, especially Phebe, and that the church assist her." I also told them that Priscilla and Aquila were Paul's co-laborers in the Gospel, and at one time he turned a brother over to them, that they might more fully teach him the way to Eternal Life. I also quoted Acts 2:17 and 18, and told my brother in the ministry that he was behind the times. That all civilization was coming to realize that woman was to be man's helpmeet in every good work. God created woman to stand by the side of man. He did not take a part of man's feet to create woman, to show that he should rule over her. Neither did he take a part of man's brain, to show that woman should rule over the man, but He took a rib from his side, showing that she should stand by him. They should work together to advance the cause of right in the world. I said, "In

heathen countries you find the women spoken evil of and down-trodden, treated as inferiors, but the more enlightened the country, the more you would find the women treated with respect." I said, "I came to Oklahoma only to be a blessing to mankind. I settled by this, my fellow-minister, expecting only to be a blessing to the cause of Christ, but to my surprise, instead of being treated like a lady, as a co-worker, as a helper in the advancement of the Word of God, I had been treated as the heathen women are treated."

By this time, the minister was looking down pretty seriously, and did not even raise his head. I continued to appeal to his manhood, to his principles as a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, until some of the people were crying and some of them were laughing. At last I closed, by wishing the minister well and trusting that we might, from this on, be friends. This proved to be a success. From that time on this minister never publicly opposed me in my work and was friendly to us. As long as we lived side by side he was a good neighbor.

I then turned my attention to the Methodist minister's talk on the Law of God. I gave the people a talk concerning the truthfulness of God's word, showing them that Christ was the one who was with the Father in the creation of the world. It was Christ who kept the first Sabbath with the Father. It was Christ who created the Sabbath. I also quoted Psalms, 19:7; Matthew, 5:17-18; Luke, 4:16; and other Scriptures showing that it was not Christ's business to destroy the Perfect Truth, but to keep the Law, wherein man had

failed. Also man is to follow in the footsteps of Christ. That Christ was the law-keeper. He has made it possible for us to be law-keepers. Revelation, 22:14, says: "Blessed are they who do His Commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life and enter in through the gates into the city."

After I had reviewed both ministers, some of the congregation began to ask questions. The Lord gave me freedom in answering the same. This meeting lasted until about eleven o'clock and brought great victory to Present Truth at that place. Interest kept increasing. The superintendent of the Sunday-school began to keep the Sabbath. Others united with us at this place.

At P——, Oklahoma, where I have mentioned holding meetings, I found opposition. The Baptist minister was much opposed to the Seventh-day Adventists and did all he could, both publicly and privately, to defeat our work. I avoided him as long as possible, but he and his daughter and son-in-law, both of whom were ministers, concluded they would pitch a tent in P——. He made his boast that he was going to show the people that "that woman" had been teaching heresy and that Seventh-day Adventists were a fraud from beginning to end. I knew I dare not run, but determined to stand my ground. So after much talking and counseling, I was advised to go into public discussion with this man. I would not talk to him privately, but invited some of the business men to be present while our agreement for discussion was being considered. I asked him to draw up an agreement on the

Sabbath question, but he declined, saying he wanted to show that Seventh-day Adventists were teaching heresy from beginning to finish. I then asked him if he would discuss the following proposition: I to affirm Seventh-day Adventists teach the truth as far as they teach; the Baptist minister to deny this. He agreed to this.

The announcement went out. At the beginning of this discussion, the tent would not near hold the people. They came from far and near. It fell to my lot to open this discussion. When I arose, I announced to the people, this discussion was to last about three months, as it would take me that long to tell what the Seventh-day Adventists believed, and J. Ellison was to deny the same. So my first step in showing the people what Seventh-day Adventists believed, was the subject of Faith. I told them it was impossible to believe God without Faith. Faith came by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God. I told them we were only trying to give the people the Word of God and thereby increase their Faith. After about an hour's talk on the subject of Faith, I said: "Now it is the brother's business to show that I am teaching heresy, as he says we are teaching heresy from beginning to finish."

The brother arose and of course was at a loss to know how to answer, but soon began his tirade on Seventh-day Adventists, stating the time for the end of the world was in 1844. He dwelt for some time on Wm. Miller and his work, making light of and ridiculing the Seventh-day Adventists.

In my reply, I informed the people that Wm. Miller was a Baptist, a member of this brother's own church.

He had not been making fun of Seventh-day Adventists, but of his own people. I told the people Wm. Miller was a good man, but like most men he had made mistakes, and while he was a Baptist, he had brought some Light and Truth to the world, but Seventh-day Adventists did not have anything to do with the disappointment of 1844, as Seventh-day Adventists had not yet begun their work or mission in the world.

This was a great disappointment to my brother minister, and of course caused the people no little amusement. So ended our first night of the three months' discussion.

On the second evening, I took for my first half hour's talk, the subject of prayer, showing that we must pray—seek God with our whole hearts. If we would come to God, He would in no wise cast us off. This again, gave the brother some trouble in trying to show that we were teaching heresy from beginning to finish, but he soon began on Seventh-day Adventists' health principles, the eating of pork, and so on.

When I arose, I said, "Yes;" that Seventh-day Adventists believed in health. The Lord says, "He would that His people prosper and be in health." He wants us to be very careful in the use of that which would defile the temple of God, because He says our bodies are His temple. I then began to show how wicked it was for any ministers of the Gospel, to use the filthy weed, tobacco. This, of course, was a little hard on my tobacco-loving brother. I also gave them the Scripture concerning pork, and the filthy creature, and said I

believed my Lord knew what He was talking about when He said pork was not fit to be used.

At the end of this second evening, I announced that my leading subject for the next night would be the Origin, History and Destiny of Satan. At this the Baptist brother jumped to his feet and said that if I was going to talk about the "devil," he would not be there. I arose and said, "We have only spent two evenings on our three months' discussion, and I do not want to see my brother fail on the third evening," but he declined. The people begged of him to go on, but to no avail. The discussion was closed, as I could not discuss the subjects alone. He then declared that he was going to expose Seventh-day Adventists the next night in his tent and I told him if he talked against Seventh-day Adventists, I would review him the following night. He said I could not talk in his tent. I said, "I have a tent at T——, which could be brought down and pitched by the side of his." A number of men said, "We will go and get your tent and pitch it for you," but I told them I would wait awhile, as I felt the old brother was about to lose his hold.

The next night he began to talk against Seventh-day Adventists to a very small congregation, as the people had lost interest in his talk. For two nights he talked against us, the crowd growing smaller. On the last night, his tent went down. I do not know what caused his tent to fall, but always had an idea the boys were indignant because he would not let me speak in it.

I had announced a review on Saturday night at the schoolhouse, but by that time the old brother had taken

his tents, and he, with his daughter and son-in-law, had gone to parts unknown, so when Saturday night came and the house filled, I only said, "When people are dead and buried, I do not believe in talking about them," and changed my subject, giving them some good Gospel Truth. So ended our discussion at P——.

At T——, some Latter Day Saints became interested in our meetings. This caused anxiety on the part of the Latter Day Saints minister. He began to oppose us. I reviewed him. He was speaking principally against the Law question. I showed the people how the Law of God was binding. The Lord has said, He would not alter the thing that had gone out of His lips; that He had commanded His covenant to a thousand generations: the Sabbath was to be the perpetual covenant to the House of Israel and that all true overcomers were Israelites.

The meeting went on, the interest increasing, the Latter Day Saints not losing their interest. This caused the Latter Day Saints to bring reënforcements. So they brought an old gentleman, known by them as an Adventist fighter, old Brother Crowley. I was very busy — had closed my tent efforts, and was holding meetings in the schoolhouse in the country. I well remember the day Brother Crowley drove up to our humble home. He and his good wife came in. He introduced himself and I knew at once trouble was brewing. I tried in every way to avoid discussion, hoping to avoid the unpleasantness of meeting him. He challenged me for a discussion. I told him I was like the man on the load of hay. I said: "The man was on a

load of hay, when a man challenged him for a fight. He got down and gave him a thrashing, and proceeded with his load of hay. Pretty soon along came another man and challenged him. He said, if I stop to whip everybody that comes along, I will never get my load of hay home." I said, "I have a message to preach. If I stop to fight all you ministers, we will get nothing else done but fighting. It is not pleasant. We ought to be engaged in something better." But he was determined, and I told him I never would stop my meetings to enter into a discussion, so he must go on his way.

I went to T—— once a week to meet with the little company at that place. On my next visit to T——, I found Brother C—— at the meeting. We had a good meeting and at the close of the meeting, Brother Crowley arose and announced his intention of publicly opposing Seventh-day Adventists. I arose and said, "If Brother C—— speaks against the Seventh-day Adventists, I will reply on the following night." So I found myself again in the midst of battle. The next night, he in very flourishing tones, told of his victory in dealing with the Adventist people and how he had fought them from place to place, and so on. He began to throw out his opposition to the Law and a great many subjects held near and dear to us on account of their being Bible Truths. On the following night, I replied. He again announced his intention to talk the next night. I was there taking notes so that I might reply to him. All at once he began in his talk to lead out on the sun, moon, and on doctrines held near and dear to the Latter Day Saints. I asked him to wait a

moment. I arose and said, "If Brother C—— is going to teach Mormon doctrine, I shall not review him, as I have no time to even oppose Joe Smith and his abominable teaching." I said, "King James's Bible is good enough for me. If you folks want to listen to Brother C—— talk about Joe Smith's inspired translation and the Book of Mormon, you are welcome to do so. I will go on my way teaching what I believe to be the truth of God's Word."

This was indeed a great blow to Brother C——, as he did not like to hear his religion spoken of in this way. So on the following night he spent his time in explaining to the people how much better Joe Smith's inspired translation was than King James's translation. I spent my time in telling the people that the Bible was good enough for me and of course the people all agreed with me. Brother C—— saw he was losing ground. At the end of the seventh night, he said he could not afford to pay rent for the use of the hall any longer. I arose and said I would pay his rent, but he concluded he could not accept that gift, so the discussion closed with a real victory for Seventh-day Adventists.

My next discussion came about when holding a series of meetings in a Christian neighborhood. There the interest ran high. The people came from far and near. There were a number of Christian people in that place, who took great pains to oppose my work, and made us visit after visit, trying to get up a public discussion. I at last consented, and they brought their champion fighter. We entered the discussion and continued —

I for the Law, he against it, for some little time. It was hard to tell in this discussion just how things were going. After the discussion, I was called to another place. The Christians held a series of meetings, with the addition of one to their church. The Methodists held a series of meetings, with one addition. The following fall, I was sent back to this place to hold a series of meetings, and eleven united with the Seventh-day Adventists. I then found the victory was greater than I had supposed.

This Campbellite minister was a great tobacco chewer and enjoyed fighting better than eating. He was sarcastic, and the filthy weed and sarcasm cannot stand against God's Word.

The next public discussion was held in a Methodist neighborhood. I had been holding a series of meetings and thirty-two had united with the Seventh Day Adventists. This was very displeasing to the Presiding Elder of the Methodist Church, as this was his home neighborhood and some of his relatives had become Seventh-day Adventists. So he determined that I should enter public discussion. Debating and public opposition were always displeasing to me, but after telegraphing for Matthew Larson, and failing to get him, a member of the Conference Committee, who was visiting us at the time, advised me to go into arrangements for public discussion with this Methodist minister. So the time was set for a seven nights' discussion — four nights on the subject of the Sabbath; three nights on the first day of the week.

This man used Canright and Gamble's theories.

Those who know the position of these two, would know they were opposite, the one to the other. I placed the opposite positions of the two men on the board, and then called the attention of the people to my brother laborer's efforts in trying to tear down the Truth of God, I explaining to them the truthfulness of God's Word, the position of the Law and the Sabbath. This continued until the first four nights had closed. The interest increased until neither the house nor the yard could hold the people. The Methodist people at this place became very angry with me. I was informed one day, that I was going to get the benefit of some rotten eggs. I replied, "All right; it is a poor religion that could not stand a few rotten eggs." So that night I did not know but I would be benefited by this experience. The window was raised. The house was crowded. I had great peace and freedom. The Lord indeed came very near and I was happy, with the privilege of standing as a witness for Present Truth, even against opposition, but the rotten eggs did not come.

On the evening when the Methodist minister affirmed his proposition on the first day being the Lord's day, he took for his text: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him." Then he went on trying to get the people to think that the beloved Son gave them the first day of the week as Lord's day, but he did not have the Bible to support him in this.

When I replied, I also took this favorite text: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him." Then I turned to the text in Ephesians, 3:9, which proves that Jesus was in the creation of the

world. Also Hebrews, first chapter and the first two verses; John, first chapter. I then told the people that it was this beloved Son who created the heavens and the earth in six days and rested on the seventh day. Also this beloved Son came down on Mount Sinai and gave the Ten Commandments, one of which says: The seventh day is the Sabbath; remember to keep it Holy. I said, "Now, my brother, I hope you will practice what you preach, and hear the beloved Son, as it was He who commanded us to keep the seventh day of the week, and not the first day." The brother soon got tired of his favorite text and did not mention it again. He had very little to say about Christ in the rest of his discussion. On the last evening, when the excitement was running high, and I had made my last speech, he arose and regretted very much that he could not have a little more time. After he had made excuses and sat down, I arose and said, "I am very much surprised that my brother was so determined to discuss this subject with a woman and then disappointed because he did not get the last word."

This was too much. It brought the people to the point of giving three cheers for the woman. So ended our discussion. The interest grew from this place until we had more than we could do. On the day following the discussion, one sister followed her Lord in the act of baptism.

I by this time was studying over the situation. The challenges for discussion were coming. I did not admire them. While the Lord had given me great victory, I one day in prayer, said, "O Lord, do I have to fight

my way to Heaven? O Lord, will you please deliver me from this debating condition of affairs? I do not want to meet my opponents in discussion and I do not take delight in seeing them defeated. I had rather preach the plain Gospel Truth, and I ask you to please deliver me from the debating experience."

My Heavenly Father has answered this prayer. From that day to this, I have never had another challenge for debate and believe it is not a Christian's duty to engage in debating, unless it cannot be avoided, and believe that God will help us, so that we may avoid this unpleasant phase of the work of God.

CHAPTER XIII

MAGAZINE EXPERIENCES

I have sold hundreds of magazines; from Texas to Minnesota; from Wyoming to Washington, D. C. I never feel happy when traveling, unless I have a few good magazines with me, as it gives me opportunity to work for my fellow-man, while going from place to place. I have been able, as a result of magazine selling, to have good talks with women on trains, who needed help.

I remember one time, while canvassing on a passenger train for my magazine, I met a woman who was in great trouble. "Are you a Christian woman?" she asked. "Yes," I replied. She then told me her troubles and asked me to pray for her. I sat there in the seat and had a season of silent prayer for her. As I left her, she thanked me and wished me well.

I have been able to give Bible Study after Bible Study, while on the train, to men and women on different Bible subjects. When they found I was engaged in missionary work, they were glad to talk with me. One of my experiences in traveling comes to my mind at this time and I will take time to relate it. Often in going from place to place in my work, I have not had enough money about me to pay my traveling expenses and have depended on my magazines to do this. Gener-

ally they have been sufficient, but sometimes I have been somewhat disappointed.

I remember one time, while in Oklahoma, I received a telegram to come over to a certain place to help two of our brethren who were holding tent meetings and meeting great opposition from the Baptists, who had pitched their tent near to the Seventh-day Adventists' tent, had sent for an evangelist and were doing all they could to run our brethren out of the place. They advertised they expected a lady evangelist and ten singers.

When this telegram came, I was a little short of money by the time I provided for the keeping of my children while I was gone. So I determined to depend on the selling of my magazines to take me to this place and be on time. I did not sell as many as I expected, and when I came to a certain town where I had to change cars, I found it was almost train time and I with not enough money to buy my ticket. The thought came to me, I had two pairs of shoes, so I took my good pair of shoes, went to a pawn-shop, sold them, got enough money to buy my ticket, went on my way rejoicing, reached the town in time to fill my appointment, and we had some good revival meetings as a result. One Sabbath afternoon we heard the Baptists had announced a six o'clock meeting up town, and we thought it would be well enough for us to have a four o'clock meeting. So the brothers and sisters, the young people who had come to help with the singing, took the organ and moved it up on the street. We loaded ourselves with magazines and papers and went up to the

busy street and began our meeting. The crowd gathered, and after a short song service and prayer I began the Study on Daniel II. Two of the brethren held the chart, while I pointed to this line of Prophecy, calling the people's attention to the truthfulness of God's word, how the Prophecy was history in advance, how we were now living in the toes of the Image, and these earthly Kingdoms would soon pass away, and our Lord and Saviour rule the world. The people were very much interested and eagerly accepted all the magazines and tracts we had for them. We went back to the tent and praised God for victory.

I have felt I needed the experience of magazine work, as well as the magazine work needing my help. In fact, I do not think God is compelled to call on poor weak humanity to work for Him, only because it is a benefit to the human being. He says, we ourselves should get a real living experience in the things of God, which we can get only as we labor for our fellow-man.

Naturally, I found myself of a very sarcastic disposition, and in magazine selling, many a time when I would go home I would think over the day's work and regret my sharp retorts, and ask God to forgive me, wherein I had misrepresented Him. I determined that by God's help I would sell magazines until I could meet all classes of people with a smile and a kind word, instead of retorting in sarcasm. I found this was no small task.

I well remember one morning when starting out with my magazines, I came to a place where a man was sitting talking, and upon my asking him to buy a maga-

zine, he gave some cutting remark about that being Seventh-day Adventist literature. I replied, "Yes; I am happy to inform you it is." He said something else real cutting, and I said, "I believe you are a preacher." He replied, "Yes, I am," and I said, "Well, you talk like a popular preacher." Then I began to give him my opinion quite freely. We for a short time had a heated discussion. I went out from this place not so happy as before. I said, "Oh Lord, forgive me." Then I said, "By Your help I will go back and ask the man to forgive me." I went back and asked him to forgive me." Something else was said and I again asked him to forgive me, and three times that morning I had to humiliate myself and ask the same man to forgive me for my hasty remarks. I went away from that place, gaining a decided victory, as he and I had a good pleasant Christian talk before I left him. This helped me to be more careful, as it was not pleasant to return and ask people to forgive me. I have, by the help of God, been able to bring myself to a place where I can meet all classes of people and return a soft answer. We read in Proverbs, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

I remember one morning, going into a business office, I met a very sour, harsh-looking business man. I smiled and spoke to him. "What are you smiling about?" he said. I replied, "I am smiling because I have the privilege of bringing you such a good paper, and this is indeed a pleasant morning," and I began to talk about pleasant things. He looked at me and said, "I will buy one of your papers and I hope you will come again." So I felt that if I could get that

hard business man softened enough to smile, I had accomplished a good work. Others, after saying something cross, have called me back and said, "Missis, I will buy one of your papers because you treated me so kindly."

I do not think it pays magazine agents to be too sensitive; to look for light and ungentlemanly remarks. I remember one day, entering a business house and asking a man to buy my paper. He did not act very courteous. I could not tell what he said, but passed on to my work and as I came down the street, I met him. He stopped me and said, "Missis, I want to apologize for the way I spoke to you." I replied, "My brother, I have forgotten what you said. You certainly are forgiven." This remark seemed to please him, as he had been very sorry for his rude remark.

I have been asked to take the agency for a great many worldly enterprises, some offering good salaries. I remember on one occasion, a man told me he would guarantee me a salary of twenty-five dollars per week, if I would take up the work as saleslady. I told him my business was to do the work of my Heavenly Father; I was not looking for any other business. He said, "You can do lots of good with the money." I replied, "Perhaps I can, but I am a very busy woman, and have no time to talk with you concerning this money-making proposition. My Heavenly Father says, 'Gold and silver are his as also the cattle upon a thousand hills.' I believe He is able to take care of His servants, and am only thankful to take these truth-laden magazines to the world."

I well remember the first time I entered a saloon. It was in Sheridan, Wyoming. The two little boys and I had gone to Sheridan to do some trading, and I had determined while there to sell some magazines, so after the trading was finished, I found a shady place for the boys, who sat down to eat their lunch and look at some picture books I had for them, while I canvassed along the street with my papers. Before starting, I prayed the Lord to give me strength to enter every house to which I came. It never came to my mind there would be a saloon on that street. So I started with the determination to enter every house. I was going along having good success when I found myself in front of a saloon. This was indeed a trial. Never had I stepped inside of a saloon. It was a new experience, but I remembered my vow, and asked God to help me keep it. I entered this saloon and sold a magazine to the bar-tender and one to the customer. I went on, meeting with good success, until I came to another saloon. Here was a crowd of people. I spoke to one man near the door, but the sight of drinking men and the smell of liquor was too much. I only stepped inside the door, just far enough to keep my vow, and hurried away. From that time on, I have entered a great many saloons, left literature, and sold papers to the bar-tenders and patrons. They have always treated me kindly. Often on entering, there would be noise, loud talking, and laughing, but the bar-tender would give them a signal to be quiet and all was quiet until I had left the place. I remember one evening while selling papers down on First street, where saloons are very

popular, I found a young man. He asked me, "Will you help me get a bed for the night?" I replied, "Where is your money?" He pointed to the saloon. I said, "Well, I think they ought to buy you a bed. If I leave you in this condition you will be in the police station before morning. You have given your money to the saloon. You now come to the church for help. This is the way with the world. No wonder so small an amount goes to missions, so much money is spent for liquor." So I walked over to the saloon-keeper and pointed out the young man to him and said, "If this young man is not provided for, for the night, he will sleep in the police station. You have his money. He wants a bed. Will you give him a quarter to pay for it?" He replied, "No, I will not give him a cent. He will only spend it for drink," but added, "If you will see that the young man has a bed, keep the quarter in your hands until the bed is paid for, I will give it to you." I said, "I will do this," and went to a lodging house, engaged a bed and paid for it, and left the young man there. Some have asked, "Would you take a saloon-keeper's money?" I say, yes, every cent I can get. I will also sell magazines to drinking men, as I would much rather take their money for good work, than to see them paying it for liquor, so I do not hesitate to canvass saloon men or any other class of people, in the interest of Present Truth.

One day upon coming from a saloon, a man said, "If you were my mother or my sister, I would not allow you to go to a saloon." I looked at him and said, "If you were my husband or my son, or my brother, as often as

you went to a saloon, I would go with you. Seeing you are going to the saloon, and I am your sister in the interest of your soul, in order to find you, unpleasant as it may be, I will go." He smiled and walked on.

I have been able to make a great many appointments for Bible readings by meeting with the people in selling magazines. Our literature, indeed, has a very important part in helping to give the Third Angel's Message. I never feel like my work is well accomplished, without asking the people to subscribe for some of our good papers. I remember one time, I was holding meeting at the home of a certain person. While the meeting was in progress a family called to visit. On finding we were engaged in a Seventh-day Adventist meeting, this family was much disappointed, but after much urging, they came in, listening to what was being said, and afterward we had a good talk, and I asked them to subscribe for "The Signs of the Times." They did so, and I went on my way. At the next Camp-meeting, somebody called me, wishing to speak with me. I went and found this man and his wife. They had begun the observance of the Seventh-day Sabbath and were going to be baptized, being convinced concerning the truthfulness of it, by reading "The Signs of the Times," for which I had taken their subscription. This man is now one of our state agents, doing good work.

I remember on one occasion, I made numerous trips to an adjoining town in which I was holding meetings, to sell magazines. Sometimes I would have to wait after entering the train, as this was a local. The brakeman of that train was very kind to me and I would

often give him tracts and papers. He became interested in these tracts and papers, and today is a Seventh-day Adventist canvasser. He says he has the papers all on file which he received from me while he was brakeman on that train.

I have had good visits with trainmen, while traveling, concerning their soul's salvation, their interest being aroused by reading my magazines. I remember one day, in order to meet my appointment, I was compelled to ride for some miles on a freight train. I sold the conductor of that freight train a magazine. They had many stops, it being a way-freight. At last they pulled into a little town, expecting there to wait some time for another train to pass them. I said to the conductor, "May I go up town and spend the time selling magazines?" He said, "Yes; and we will let you know in time to get the train." So I left the train, went up town, kept my eye on the depot, and sold a number of magazines. At last it came time for the way-freight to prepare to go. They came out and called me, saying it was time to return, and I hurried back to the depot. The conductor said, "You go back there and sell that agent one of these papers and I will pull the train up to the depot for you." So I spent the time in selling the station agent a magazine, while the conductor pulled his freight train caboose up to the depot and stopped for me to board the train. He said, "I have spent an hour reading your magazine and I can say it is the best magazine I ever read."

When I find people interested in the papers, I generally take their names and postoffice address. Then I,

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or somebody else, sends them literature. I often visit our Young People's Society and give them a number of names, asking them to send literature to people I have met while traveling. I enjoy the magazine work. It makes the time pass by very quickly, while traveling from place to place. It gives us something to do for our Master; it increases our salary and thereby helps us to do more good for the Present Truth. Considered from all points, the magazine work is indeed a good experience. The Psalmist David saw the work that would be accomplished in this way and he spoke of the great company of publishers.

*How blest the children of the Lord,
Who, walking in his sight,
Make all the precepts of his word
Their study and delight*

*That precious wealth shall be their dower,
Which cannot know decay;
Which moth and rust shall ne'er devour,
Or spoiler take away.*

CHAPTER XIV

BIBLE WORK AND HOUSE TO HOUSE WORK

A minister's work is only begun in the pulpit, as the people should be labored with in their homes, in order to meet their needs. I remember on one occasion, a family that had accepted Present Truth came forward in meeting and they promised to keep the Sabbath. They believed we had been teaching the Truth and were firm believers in the same. It seemed to me there was a lack in their Christian experience and I determined to visit them in their home, not only to call during the day, but to spend the evening with them, to better study the situation. So before retiring, I asked them, "Do you have family worship?" They looked at each other and me. They said, "No; we don't know how." "Well," I said, "I will teach you. We will read a chapter and then we will pray." They said, "We cannot pray aloud." I told them it is impossible for us to live Christians in this world without prayer. The Lord has told us we should pray without ceasing. I told them how we could be in the spirit of prayer when about our work and be ready to call upon the Lord at any time. If not audibly, our thoughts could go to God in prayer and He would hear, but this would not be sufficient. The Prophet David said, "Evening, morning and noon, will I cry unto the Lord." Daniel had a

stated time for prayer, three times a day. He prayed with his window open toward Jerusalem. Our Saviour when on earth, found it necessary to pray. We can never live Present Truth without prayer.

I read a chapter and prayed. Then I asked the brother to pray. He said, "Really, Mrs. Sype, I cannot pray." "Well," I asked, "will you say the words after me?" He said, "Yes." So we prayed a short prayer, calling on God for help. I then turned to the sister, "And will you pray?" She said, "I will try," and I then helped her to pray. It seemed when their lips were unsealed, freedom and joy came into their lives and this was indeed a happy Christian home.

I find there are so many little perplexities in the young Christian life, it is essential for us to get near their hearts, enter into their plans, and make ourselves a part of them. In laboring for the people, I have made it a rule to point out sins, publicly in a general way, but when individuals must be labored with, we go to their homes and privately labor with them. I have been able, by the help of God, to see men and women give up tobacco, tea, coffee, pork, and all unhealthy practices, by laboring with them privately.

I remember at one place where I held meetings in the South, a sister who began the observance of the Seventh-day Sabbath, was a snuff user. She used snuff freely; had been taught this habit from childhood. She was a high tempered woman and I feared the results of laboring with her. So one Monday morning I made up my mind it was high time I visit this sister and if possible persuade her to give up this habit. I

dreaded it; the task seemed very great. I knew she loved this habit, that it had become a part of her life, and I wondered how the visit would terminate. So before reaching her home, I stepped aside from the road, and there I kneeled in earnest prayer to God, that He would help me find a way to the heart of this sister; that He would help me to have wisdom in dealing with her on this subject, and I then arose, determined to go to the home and talk to her.

On reaching the home, she was glad to see me and I visited with her a little while and then I told her that I had come to talk with her concerning some very important subjects, and I would first like to engage in prayer. We kneeled in prayer. I prayed earnestly for her and her family and that she might be a good representative of Present Truth. After we arose from our knees, I approached her on the snuff habit. I asked her to give it up, and with tears in her eyes she promised that she no longer would use the snuff. I had the pleasure of seeing this woman, a strong advocate of health principles, giving up tea, coffee, tobacco, and pork.

There was a man and his wife came forward in meeting, one evening, for prayer. We prayed earnestly and the man arose and said he was a converted man and expected to live for his God. I went to him and told him, "Now, my brother, you are a converted man, surely you will give up tobacco." But he could not see the importance of giving up tobacco. I labored with him, showed him that if we accepted the Lord, we must be pure, even as He is pure; that tobacco was a filthy

habit. It did not become a Christian to engage in its use. After earnest prayer on this subject, he concluded he would give it up, and gave me the tobacco to burn. He gave me, as I supposed, all he had. It was a package of tobacco, a pipe, a lot of cigarette papers, and a plug of tobacco. Afterward he told me that he also had a can of snuff, which he threw away when he left us, being ashamed to give me any more. This man has canvassed for our literature and is a good reliable Seventh-day Adventist today.

I always made it a point, when I entered a place, if the people did not come to me, I would go to them. So after the tent was pitched and we were prepared for our meetings, I would spend certain hours in the afternoons visiting from home to home. When the people were friendly and I had a chance to talk to them, I would read a chapter and pray for them and with them. This always increased the attendance at the meetings. I remember when I first began city work, I was afraid of the fine homes; avoided the big houses. I prayed over this and thought, I am afraid I am not doing my duty. I asked God for Grace to help me enter the homes of the rich, and have found people in fine homes hungering and thirsting for a closer walk with God. I well remember one home where I hated to enter. I hesitated, but after prayer, decided to go in. This lady gave me a welcome. I told her my mission. She received me kindly and was interested in what I had to say to her. We had prayer. Then she told me her trouble. I found that although she lived in a beautiful

home, there was a skeleton in her closet. She needed Christian help.

I have found many such instances as this and have concluded the human family is about the same the world over. Without Christ, there is an unsatisfied longing for something better than they possess. Money and worldly pleasure cannot entirely satisfy this longing in the human heart. I remember one wealthy lady who attended our meetings. She had been a belle of fashion and loved her jewelry and fine clothes. She accepted the teaching and I wondered how I ever could approach her on the subject of dress. I went to her home and had prayer with her, told her I had a great burden for her soul and felt I must talk to her personally concerning her dress. Tears began to roll down her cheeks as I laid the situation before her, calling her attention to what the Bible said; told her the subject of dress (the wearing of gold and such things), was just as important as the Sabbath. She took it very kindly and promised me she would try to dress like a consistent Christian should. I realize that the question of dress, health reform, etc., are questions that must be handled in a prayerful condition, as should all other Bible questions, as the Bible says: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Holy Spirit." We cannot expect to enter the homes and gain the confidence and win the people to the Truth, unless we have the spirit of the living God. The work is too great for us. Therefore, I believe it necessary when laboring with the people, to pray much. I have been able to enter a great many homes. In fact, I have never found

it hard to gain the attention of the people and have always had more calls than I could fill, and believe God has gone before, prepared the hearts of the people and worked by His Holy Spirit — to Him be all the praise.

I believe in laboring among our churches with our sisters, and church members are a great assistance in the house to house work, preparing the way, by the distribution of the "Family Bible Teacher," or the weekly visit with tracts. I believe a number have accepted Present Truth through my labors with these faithful sisters who have been co-laborers with me and will share the reward and the stars will be divided between them and myself.

I thank God for this, and want to say here, I appreciate very much the kindness of my brethren and sisters among whom I have labored. Never have I felt they opposed me in my work while among them. Always willing to assist, to help pave the way to get the Truth to the people. May God increase and bless the missionary spirit found among our people.

CHAPTER XV

THE FIRE — DEATH OF MY BOY

While located at C——, Iowa, Mr. Sype did not feel very well, and I found our pocketbook was getting rather low. I had some other business to look after, so took a number of magazines and started to visit one of our sisters some little distance from C——, going one day and expecting to return the next day, reaching C—— in time for the evening Prayer Meeting. I had good success in disposing of my magazines, also a good visit with our sisters at that place, and started home the next day with the determination to sell the remaining magazines, reaching home, and preparing for the evening meeting. I arrived in C—— about noon, got off the train and hurried up a back street, to find my home had been visited by fire. The house had been pretty well burned, the bedding thrown into the yard, and things scattered in general. The thought struck me, the fire has happened in the night and my little girl is burned, and I began to call for Anna. She came running to meet me and I was so delighted to find that she was all right that it was very easy to be reconciled to the fire.

Mr. Sype had been sick in the night. He arose early in the morning, made the fire, and Anna arose and prepared breakfast. While they were eating breakfast, a

neighbor came in and told them the house was on fire. This fire originated in a room where my clothing hung. I had just purchased a new suit; in fact, had bought a good supply of clothes on account of a general meeting, which I had attended not long before this. These clothes were all burned. In fact, I had nothing left but the dress I was wearing. I had to purchase a waist before I could go to the Prayer Meeting. As I looked at this wreck, and realized to some extent, my loss, I thought, "Mrs. Sype, I hope you escape the fire of the last days." I also thought how vanishing are this world's possessions. How uncertain is life.

This was indeed a blow to us. The goods that were not burned were pretty well demolished by water and falling plaster. All of our groceries were lost, and altogether this fire was a great loss to us, as Mr. Sype's farming enterprise at Elk Point had not proven a success on account of the wet season and this, together with his poor health, and our high expenses made it impossible for us to make ends meet. I had been spending much time making sun-bonnets between times, trying to increase my salary. Sometimes I would go home from meeting in the evening, sew until eleven o'clock at night, arise at five in the morning, sew until time to visit, then go to visit the people, and hold meeting at night. In this way, by some hired help, I had put out about a hundred dozen sun-bonnets the year previous to this and yet it seemed that it was impossible to meet the demands, and now the fire, with all our clothing in ruin, seemed almost the climax, but we went to God in earnest prayer, and the people were kind enough

to take us in. Dr. H—— and Oscar O—— at C——, Iowa, furnished us a home until we could rent another house, and the brothers and sisters remembered us with little presents, which helped us over this time of difficulty very materially.

I said I knew this fire was for some good and God knew best, and did not shed a tear over it.

About this time we were permitted to return to Cedar Rapids, where the church was very anxious for us to come and finish the work we had begun before leaving for C——. When we came to Cedar Rapids we rented a house. Mr. Sype procured work and we now set up housekeeping with the help of friends and by buying furniture in payments. James also procured work and bought furniture for his room. I felt happy to be in the city at work, because we could be at home together, although Ross was not with us as he had not finished his school work at Nevada. Things moved along very pleasantly. James was interested in paying for his furniture, buying his clothes, also he was beginning to take great interest in Anna's things. Mr. Sype seemed to stand the work better than usual; had a nice garden, worked for others, helping very materially. I was very busy and happy. It was such a comfort to go home in the evening and find the family all together and it seemed to me this was indeed a happy summer. Along about Thanksgiving time, Brother S——'s little girl took suddenly ill and died. I accompanied them to Humboldt, Iowa, and there preached the funeral and we laid the little one away. On returning, I found Sister G——'s husband very low with typhoid fever,

and that was Thanksgiving day. We had planned a little church dinner, intending to spend the spare time making comforters and writing missionary letters, but James said he would go out and spend the day with Sister G—— and help take care of her husband. So the day passed off as a busy day. I returned home in the evening, very tired, as I had traveled all night the night before and had not had rest. I 'phoned to Sister G—— asking her how her husband was. She said he was very low, and I said I would come out on the first street car in the morning. James said he would stay with Sister G——. I went to bed about ten o'clock; the 'phone rang, I went to the 'phone and James said, "Mamma, I am afraid if you wait till morning it will be too late to see Mr. G——." I replied, "Well, I will come tonight then." He said, "I will meet you at the street car with the buggy." G—— lived about one mile from the street car line. I dressed and took a car and found James waiting for me, and we went to Sister G——'s home. Found Mr. G—— very low. I talked with him, read the twenty-third Psalm, and asked him if he did not think he ought to be a Christian. He said, "If I live I will be a Christian." I said, "But you may not live. Remember the thief on the Cross. Jesus promised him salvation. Jesus is just as powerful today as then and he loves you." He seemed to appreciate the situation and asked God to forgive his sins. He called his family to his bedside and soon fell asleep.

The death of Mr. G—— seemed to affect James very much. In fact we had to put him to bed. He was

completely overcome, and was not able to return home until the next evening.

Sister G—— and I made all preparations for the funeral. Elder D—— came to the town and remained over, he and I having charge of Mr. G——'s funeral.

James seemed to be much touched by the death of Mr. G—— and on his return from the G—— home, said, "Mamma, there is no life worth living but the Christian life. I am tired of the world and the sin. I want to live a better life." A few days after, he asked me to write certain letters for him concerning the Christian work. On Sabbath morning I said, "James, are you going to church with me?" "No," he replied, "but I am going next Sabbath. The people will think if I go today, I am going just because Mr. G—— died." I went on to church and realized there was a great change in my boy. That week James would go out to Sister G——'s, help her to do her chores, sleep out there, and go to his work in the evening, as he was working nights at this time. One evening he 'phoned to me and said, "Mamma, I am coming down to pay you that two dollars I borrowed of you." "All right," I replied, and he soon came, handed me the two dollars, gave his little sister some money, and handed me a quarter. I told him I would have to put some of that in my mission box, if I was getting money given to me in that way. He laughed, and we had a pleasant little visit, I watched him as he went to the street car, offering a prayer for him, as I often did when he was leaving home.

I little thought this would be the last time my poor

boy would enter the home alive. I was very busy during the day. James was helping Sister G—— and resting there. They called me up and told me that he thought he would sleep there, as it was quiet.

Thursday evening I returned home, and thought, "I will 'phone and see how James is," and then on looking at the clock, I saw it was train time and knew he would be meeting trains, so went to my bed tired and happy, little knowing what was awaiting me. About twelve o'clock at night the 'phone rang. I went to the 'phone and they asked if we had a boy working at the Allison. I replied, "Yes," and they said, "He has been hurt." I told them to bring him home at once, but they said, "No; he must go to the hospital." I dressed; we called a cab, and I hastened to Saint Luke's Hospital to find my poor boy unconscious. I went to his bedside, looked into his face, prayed to God, and said, "Surely, Lord, you will not allow my boy to go without saying something to his mother." For some time he laid in an unconscious condition. The doctors visited him and worked with him and for him, and at last he began to recognize the family. On becoming conscious he said, "What is the matter with my ear? Did a locomotive strike me?" I said, "No, James; you got hurt." "Who hurt me? I was not fighting." I said, "You were not fighting, but somebody struck you." "Did they put him in jail?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Save the papers for me to read." This was all he ever said about being struck. He died, not knowing the name of the man who caused his death. I was told by five who saw this, that James was standing with his back toward

the man who dealt the blow. The man had been drinking, also quarreling with some parties over the baggage proposition. It seemed that my boy was the closest to him and got the blow that cost his life.

James lived until Sunday noon. He talked with me and on Sabbath, he said, "I intended to go to church today but did not get any farther than the hospital." He asked me about our church people and if they had come to see him and on being told that they had and that the doctor would not allow much company, he seemed pleased at their interest in him.

On Sabbath we moved him to a private room, which pleased him very much, and he seemed so much better that Sabbath evening we entertained hopes of his recovery. The doctors told me they thought I had better go home and get some rest. This he was willing I should do. I left him in a happy mood, expecting to soon be able to return home. About three o'clock that night I awoke, having dreamed that James was dead. I arose from my bed with a very heavy heart, went to the 'phone and asked how James was. They said he was very restless. I dressed. Looked out—it was raining—two miles from the hospital. I saw no other way to do but to wait for the street car. This was a lonely wait. It seemed to me I could hardly wait until I got to the hospital. When I entered James's room, I knew he was worse. I went to him and kissed him. He said, "Mamma, shut the door and pray for me." I did so. I prayed for James—then James prayed. Anna also accompanied me and she prayed for James. He again prayed for himself. He rapidly grew worse

from this, and at times was not conscious, but seemed to realize that he was going to die, and said if he must die, "all right."

James died December 10, 1911, at the Saint Luke's Hospital in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

On account of the failure in the crops and the fire, we had not been able, with the small salary we had, to get past indebtedness paid. When the death of our boy came, I went apart, alone with God, and prayed earnestly. I then called the undertaker and I laid the situation before him and told him my financial condition, and told him that I must have my boy laid away respectfully. He said, "Mrs. Sype, this shall be done." He was indeed very kind to me and has been to this day. I will always remember the kindness of this man.

When I returned home, the room was prepared for my little boy's return. He would now enter his home for the last time, but not as he had a few nights before. He now would have to be carried in his coffin. I loved this boy dearly. It seemed to me the blow was indeed a heavy one; my heart was sore. I looked upon the empty room. I thought — my poor boy, I cannot buy you any flowers. You will have to be laid away without them, but to my surprise, even before the corpse was brought to the home, flowers began to come. Street car conductors, the policemen, the hotel where he worked, our church folks, and individuals all looked after this part. My poor boy had plenty of flowers. I never appreciated flowers until this time. I can now better understand why people send flowers when people die. This meant much to me, as I wanted my boy

to be laid away in a way that would be pleasing. Professor M. M. Hare, a former teacher of James, was in the city at the time, and we called him to preach the funeral. Professor Hare preached a very appropriate sermon and it was much appreciated by all. The attendance at the funeral was large; the town seemed to sympathize with us in our great bereavement. Even the man who had taken my boy's life was stricken with grief and said he was sorry for the parents of the boy and for his own family. He said he did not see why he had given up to his ungovernable temper in this way. The boy had no hard feelings toward him and he said he had none toward the boy, but had, in a fit of drunken anger, struck my boy and taken his life. The day my boy was buried he hanged himself, after being charged with the crime of murder and confined in the police station in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. So two lonely graves in Linwood Cemetery mark the resting place of two souls, the death of both being really caused by the man indulging too freely in strong drink.

At the funeral of James, Mr. Sype took a heavy cold and his health began to go down more than ever. His cough increased, and the doctor advised a change of climate. My sister and her husband, W. L. Manfull, who then lived in Canada, thought the Canadian climate would be just the thing for him. I saw no other way than to let this be done, so money was borrowed and he started on his journey, Anna and I going to the depot with him, knowing that perhaps never again in this life would we meet. We came back to our lonely

home very sad and I asked God to help me to go ahead with my work. I was very busy and as we had a church school in our home, Anna was placed back in the school until school closed. I then rented rooms and moved into them, Anna being a great comfort and help to me in the home. We attended the Boone Camp-meeting, and there I made arrangements for Anna to enter the Oak Park Academy at Nevada. I realized life would be lonely without her, but she must have an education and I resolved long ago, that my children must have a Christian education at any sacrifice, so Anna was placed in school at Nevada.

Ross had graduated at the Oak Park Academy in June, 1912, and now he must have some more schooling before he could enter upon his life's work, so decided to go to South Lancaster, as he was well acquainted with Prof. H—— and wife at that place, and they had invited him to come.

Ross and I returned to Cedar Rapids from the Camp-meeting. He then hastened on to school. I will never forget the night that Ross went away. I felt the last break had come, almost. My family was scattered and I was left alone. I had rented a little room with Sister M——; had sold off all my household furniture and determined now to turn my attention to raising my indebtedness, doing what good I could and do the best I could for humanity. I have had to pray earnestly for strength to overcome and rise above this great perplexing time. My heart was sore for weeks after the death of James, but with it all, I knew that "All things work together for good to those who love

the Lord and are the called according to his purpose." I know the "steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord," and my Faith is strong in the Lord. I feel like saying with Job, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

My work has been increasing. The church of Cedar Rapids has been very kind to me and I am a very busy woman. I think—if it had not been for my work, which led me among the people and with the people, I could not have borne up under this sorrow so well as I have.

After the children were all gone and I was alone, when I would go home in the evening, I would study and figure over my indebtedness. I had cut down every known expense, was trying in every way to live as cheaply as possible, yet my income was not sufficient to meet the demands. I became so burdened over the situation, that I went to God in earnest prayer. I took Him at his promise. He tells us, if we are troubled that He will hear our cries. He says He will deliver us out of our troubles. I knew the Bible said, "Owe no man anything." I know time is very short. It is my desire to be in a position where I will be clear from debt. I am putting forth every effort to do so. I ceased making sun-bonnets because my conscience was not at ease when doing so. I felt while sewing on the sun-bonnets, that I was sewing people's souls into these bonnets. I was so unhappy over making them, that I promised the Lord I would make no more sun-bonnets unless for missionary purposes, or sewing societies, or something of that kind. I feared to take in any world-

ly work in connection with my work, as it seemed to me my time must be given to the Truth I loved.

In praying and studying over the situation, it came to me, "Write a book. Write some of your experiences." I have never considered myself a writer. My friends all complain about my short letters. I have put off and neglected writing reports of my work, because I did not like to write. My daily report is often neglected, because of my dislike for writing. But now I was impressed to write a book.

I prayed earnestly and I said, "Lord if this is what you want me to do, you will have to give me Grace to do it." So I promised the Lord that I would write a book.

It then came to me, to write to my friends, asking them to take one of these books. So the book is written and I trust it will only be a source of comfort and strength to those that may read the same.

I am very busy with my work and have had to rise early and work late to get this little work ready for publication, and I trust the mistakes in the same will be excused and that I will be able to dispose of the number called for, and the profits of the same will be applied on raising my indebtedness.

*O, I long for that glad dawning
That will break on heaven's shore,
When the toils of earth are ended
And the trials of life are o'er;
When all sin and pain and sorrow
Will forever pass away,*

*Where will be no night nor darkness,
But one glad, unending day.*

*O, I long to hear that music
That will bid us welcome home,
As it echoes and re-echoes
Through the shining, heavenly dome;
And the angels sweetly singing
In one glad and joyous strain,
Worthy is the Lamb forever,
Who was once for sinners slain.*

*O, I long to see that city,
Shining with effulgence rare,
And the bright, palatial mansion
For my occupancy there;
And the glorious light that's gleaming
Through the pearly gates ajar,
And o'er crystal waters streaming,
And the heavenly land afar.*

*O, I long to see the wanderers
Who were once outcast below,
With their starry crowns immortal
And their robes as white as snow,
In one happy, glad reunion,
Never, never more to roam;
But in quietness and safety,
All at rest in Home, Sweet Home.*

*O, I long to see my Savior,
And to fall down at His feet,*

144 LIFE SKETCHES AND EXPERIENCES

*And to hear Him bid me welcome
In a voice so rich and sweet;
Though unworthy of His kindness,
Of His mercy and His love,
I would dwell with him forever
In that glorious home above.*

— BUTLER

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